SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 3, No. 21 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, APRIL 19, 1890. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 125

Around Town.

I am glad to know that my last week's article on wild-cat speculation has had its effect. While some comments which have reached my ears have been anything but complimentary yet in no instance did they come from disinterested persons, and I was fully prepared to incur the odium of speculators who care neither for the good of Toronto nor their own reputation for honorable dealing. I have been endeavoring during the past week to have a map made of Toronto and its suburbs showing the tens of thousands of acres staked out in town lots and as yet uninhabited and unimproved. Those to whom I have applied have assured me that the task is one which cannot be completed in a few days as the territory is so enormous, the surveys so numerous and in the outer rim the buildings so scattered. As soon as I can have this completed I shall be able to show exactly the airy nothingness upon which suburban real estate speculators are building castles for the credulous. I cannot easily describe the pleasure I feel in having done something to prick this bubble. Already many of the advertisements of wild-cat lots have disappeared from the daily papers and one of the journalistic sinners is posing as the one who dared to expose what it once advertised, as a fraud. I have not the slightest care who takes or gets the credit of the exposure. I intend to stick to my text till the boomers have abandoned their business though, as has often happened before, I find I have wounded some of my personal acquaintances.

* * *

What a queer, intangible thing friendship is! Except in a general and unsatisfactory way we never define its existence until some act of an acquaintance disturbs our serenity and we are led to declare the deed an outrage upon a long established friendship. Friendship is something upon which we can borrow but little money. It is something which we should be ashamed to urge as a reason why a man should endorse our note or assist us in a candidature for public office. It as often prohibits as promotes intimacies, it fetters criticism and prohibits investigation. It is nearly always urged as a reason why we should assist in doing a wrong thing for an unworthy man and hardly ever as a reason why we should do a right thing for a proper man. Like every other noble sentiment it is apt to be the plaything of pretenders and the excuse of rascals.

* * *

Yet we all have friends, real true friends, and there was never yet one of mine who did not occasionally have a scheme or an ambition which seemed to me unworthy, and I can make a candid confession that I never yet had any proposition which I could submit to all of my friends without receiving such vigorous criticism that I felt at the moment friendship was but a sham and an excuse for wounding candor. The great trouble with us all is that we expect the friendship of others to be a commercial commodity, a something upon which we can obtain money or influence, and those who are most fixed in this opinion allege that it is but a poor friend who will not lend his assistance at a time of trial. This is doubtless true, but the time which tries friendships is not a commercial crisis, but the period in which a man needs upholding morally, not financially. When a man becomes bankrupt he has no right to expect his friends to rush in and pay his debts unless the circumstances are of extraordinary hardship, but when a man is maligned, persecuted and helpless then he has no friends if those who professed friendship do not stand beside him and face the frowns of a world which is too willing to listen to evil of those who are unfortunate.

* * *

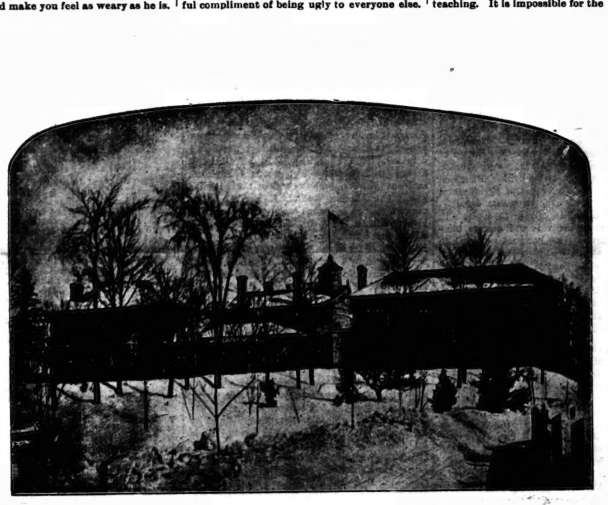
Some time ago in my letters with regard to the Bahama Islands I reported an interview with Sir Ambrose Shea, K.C.M.G., and it appears that I slightly misapprehended his meaning, as the following letter to me will show:

DEAR SIR,—The facts of the failure of the Confederation question in Newfoundland, in 1869, are these: It was carried in the Assembly in March of that year by a three-fourths vote and had the elections been held that spring, as was urged by myself and others, there can be no doubt it would have been affirmed by the popular vote. The premier, Mr. Carter, decided on holding the elections later on—in the fall. That delay resulted in a reverse adverse vote, but neither he nor any one could have contemplated such a result, so the question of unworthy motives could not possibly arise. The case is historic and I would not willingly have it inaccurately stated or made the subject of unjust and unfounded inference. Yours, etc.,

A. SHEA.

* * *

Having been ordered by my physician to "take horseback exercise," I spent three days in Grand's Repository viewing the scores of saddle horses which were offered for sale and in endeavoring to select one which would permit me to ride on his back without having my liver and whole system so disorganized by the first trip that a second one would be unnecessary. Having been born on a farm I know something about horses, particularly how it feels to have one of them step on my foot on a cold day and how pleasant it is to have the animal, to whose toilet you are attending, reach around and seize upon with his teeth the portion of one's person which comes handiest. Then in the territories and Old Mexico I got acquainted with a number of horses, a few of which it is pleasant to remember. After having been away from the horse-kind for thirteen years I was astonished to find how timid I had grown and walking behind the noble beasts in the stalls I think I was as circumspect as I ever remember having been. I don't think I like auction sales. I had selected some twelve or fifteen horses for which I intended to bid. The horse I wanted most was along towards the end of the catalogue, but I thought it best to get into the habit of bidding, so I started in with the first and bid right along until I got one knocked down to me. I admit that I had little knowledge of the animal I bought. After he became mine I went up to him and looked at him. A veterinary surgeon who was present told me that he was the second best horse in the building. I felt awfully obliged to him, for after one has bought anything, it is most comforting to hear it well spoken of; and that great horse with his iron-grey coat and round, reddish eyes was at that moment filling me with many doubts as to whether I could properly attend to his bringing up. As nearly every amateur horseman does, I introduced as many of my friends as I could find, to my new purchase. Those of them who found fault with him lost considerable of my confidence; those who praised him are now nearest to my heart. A horse is something like a dog; if you own him you feel bound to love him, and if you love him you don't want anyone to give you any "slack" about his good qualities or to call attention to his bad ones. Yet horses are a good deal like women; when you buy one—I mean a horse—you take great chances. I have been the owner or instructor of some three or four hundred horses and in that number I found not over a dozen really companionable animals. Those who love saddle horses will know what companionable means. A saddle horse must first of all have spirit enough that when you are riding him his lack of energy will not permeate you and make you feel as weary as he is.



Rideau Hall in Winter. See Page 7.

There is nothing in the world more tiresome than riding a tired horse. No one can be gay or joyous if his horse is stumbling along ready to drop with fatigue, or with that inertia which sometimes makes beasts as well as men seem encumbrances on the face of the earth. A horse must be proud and willing to disport himself when the public gaze is turned upon him, showing his best points and not dropping from a canter into a walk and stumbling about as if he felt ashamed of himself. He must have self-possession and not make it necessary for his rider to be continually afflicted by his petulant opposition to what is necessary. He must have an easy natural gait and intelligence to understand what his master's desires are, and muscular ability to meet the demands on his strength. If a horse possesses these things he is beautiful. I have seen mustangs in repose as homely as a long-haired, straw-fed colt, which, when saddled, bridled and mounted were as beautiful as the imagination can conceive. But last of all a horse must be companionable. He must have brains enough—I was going to say imagination enough—to enter into the plans of his master and take a pride in them. I once had such a horse, and though I rode day after day through an uninhabited country with no other companion than my horse I never felt myself alone. I could talk to my horse and I felt as if I had a loyal and loving companion. When we ceased labor to undertake refreshment the poorest fare seemed satisfactory to him, and with each mouthful he would seem to say, "Well, we are having a pretty hard trip; how are you standing it, old fellow?" When I went to bridle him he took his bit as if it was merely a conventionality which he was willing to accept. The saddle he considered a compliment, and when I climbed on he was happy. I remember a ride which occupied twenty-seven days with this horse as a companion. Twenty days out of the time I did not see a single human face and yet I think of it with more pleasure than of any other period of like duration in my whole lifetime. When I said good-bye to him he lifted up his cold and emotionless nose and touched me on the face—a voiceless farewell as affecting as any I have ever received. I remember when I broke him—breaking a horse is an improper term in the ordinary acceptation of the word, for colts have no bad habits and one merely teaches them. This five-year-old had bad habits. He had been condemned in the Mexican cavalry and was what is known in that country as *loco*—crazy. He pounded me around when I first mounted him until the blood flew out of my mouth and nose, and if he had continued his bucking another minute I should have fallen off, a performance which would have delighted the Mexican spectators beyond expression, as this sweet-tempered animal was quite a champion of the ring. When he quit his antics he quit them for good as far as I was concerned. One night when I was helping drive in the loose horses of the camp, I was on his back and going like the wind after the stragglers who persisted in browsing out into the night, all at once an immense boulder loomed up before us and as he leaped over it into the darkness on the other side I wondered whether it would be five feet or five hundred feet before we struck the ground again. He knew better than I did and regained *terra firma* without a jolt, biting the delinquent horses which were straying from the camp and attending to the business as if he had charge of the whole affair. He was a companionable horse, such a one as a man has but once in a lifetime. He seemed to anticipate every want and rendered his owner the delightful compliment of being ugly to everyone else.

If horse-trainers and those who have charge of the early education of animals which are to be so closely associated with mankind as saddle horses, were to develop this feature of a horse's character they would realize much greater prices than they do now. The animals they would have to dispose of could be taught two or three good gaits and would be of inestimable value to those who ride for exercise or pleasure. The majority of horses one meets are no friends of the rider; they hate you from the minute you get on till the time you get off. If you can stay in the saddle all right; if they can throw you off so much the better, and if they are really vicious they will try to kick you when you are down. There is no pleasure with such a horse; the continual alertness required robs the rider of that pleasant feeling occasioned by a walk with a friend or an exhilarating sail over the bay. One can drive an ugly horse without being thoroughly permeated by his nasty feeling, but one cannot ride a "plug" or "ornery animal" without feeling the miserable sensation of disgust through his whole being.

* * *

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has recently delivered itself of the opinion that the Bible is a sectarian book. It strikes one strangely to hear a judicial utterance on a question which has been so largely considered to be outside of legal deliberation. The case in question arose out of the reading of the Bible in a public school, and the *Empire*, from which I obtain my information, has a long editorial expressing its wonder that in a Christian country such a decision could be arrived at by a respectable court. The *Empire* is opposed to separate schools—or at least its political leader has expressed his unbelief in their utility, but still holds that religion of some kind should be taught in the public schools. As long as there is religious education in the public schools those denominations which have a sufficiently strong religious feeling to make it seem worth while to engage in an agitation will insist upon religious separatism in matters educational. Among Protestants the tenets taught differ so slightly that no intense feeling is aroused, but with the Roman Catholics, whose hierarchy insists upon the sectarian training of the youth as necessary to salvation, it is a very serious question and they most decidedly regard the Bible as a sectarian book. As is admitted, every Christian sect is founded upon some interpretation of a portion of the Bible and it must be admitted that the occasional and desultory readings managed by Protestant teachers might have the effect of impregnating the mind of the Roman Catholic child with Protestant ideas. While the inspired book is certainly not sectarian in the sense of advocating in a partizan way dogmas held by any one sect the reading of it must be considered sectarian when under the management of anyone who has a strong bias in favor of any denomination. It would therefore be impossible for the court to hold that it was non-sectarian in sectarian hands. Nor should we urge that the whole book while inspired is non-sectarian when in its manner and method of presentation portions of it may be used for sectarian purposes. And while we may blame the Supreme Court for having decided that it is a sectarian book we must thoroughly understand that that decision was arrived at with reference to the special case in which sectarianism was deduced and practically the result of fragmentary readings from it. I have always maintained that children should be taught religion and morality but that the public school is not the place for the religious portion of the teaching. It is impossible for the teacher who has any religious knowledge to separate himself from the bearing which that knowledge has upon his own mind, and therefore, to make the schools strictly non-sectarian we must leave the teaching of the Bible and the invaluable lessons to be drawn from it to Sunday school teachers, clergymen and parents. When religious training is left to these there can be no public complaint that an objectionable dogma is being instilled into the mind of the young. Those now foremost in fighting separate schools—a work in which I most heartily concur—are those who insisted upon the Bible being taught in our public schools. As Paul said to the Athenians, they are "altogether too religious." By endeavoring to force upon the public school teachers the duty which naturally devolves upon parents and spiritual advisers the demand for separate schools has been made to appear more just than it would have been had we confined ourselves to secular topics. Outside of the clergy, who seem anxious to shoulder a portion of their work upon school teachers, men who are entirely irreligious and profane seem to be the most anxious to force upon our educational system the task of making the next generation more religious than this one is. If the parents themselves do not respect the precepts of the good book, and feeling themselves unfit to inculcate the moral and religious lessons therein insist upon the school teacher doing it, still another blow is likely to be struck at the foundations of Christianity. So far Protestantism has not been destroyed by formalism, but if religion is to be taught with arithmetic and piety with spelling the children of Canada will be apt to view these subjects in the same light, forgetful that "things spiritual are discerned only by those spiritually minded."

* * *

The young Emperor of Germany is creating considerable alarm in Europe, and the able editors of our own country seem to share the belief of the minor German princes that William is altogether too fresh. In the beginning of his reign he laid himself open to criticism by what seemed improper treatment of his mother, but since then his career seems to my inexperienced eyes a wonderful success. He has shown ability, energy and sympathy unsurpassed in the character of any young sovereign since Alfred the Great. He may be petulant and variable in temper, but he is every inch Emperor of Germany, and probably has better reasons than we are aware of for doing without the advice of Bismarck. If he continues as he has begun, his name will be as illustrious in the history of the fatherland than that of the great Frederick himself. Youth is the most serious charge alleged against him. It has not been said that he is ignorant of any department of the nation's business; that he is idle or frivolous, or that he has shown the slightest disposition to sacrifice the glory of Germany to enhance his personal greatness. The disparagement of the young Emperor is largely caused by the jealousy of those who have been overlooked by him, but unless I am wrong in my estimate of his ambition, his aims are larger than the petty princelings who criticize him can comprehend. So far the victories he has aimed at have been those of peace rather than of war, and that he has been touched by the miseries of the poor, shows him to be the right royal occupant of the palace.

* * *

Owing to the crowded state of the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT this week the balance of the letters from Cuba and Florida have been postponed for a little while.

* * *

An organization has been begun to create a Bank Officials' Association for the city of Toronto, which is to consist of an advisory board of general managers; an executive to be elected from among the bank officials; rooms in a central locality containing a library, lecture and reading room, gymnasium, billiards and bowling alleys. It is proposed to have lectures by leading bankers economists, together with essays etc. It is a very praiseworthy idea and deserves to succeed. It is generally supposed that bank clerks have as much leisure as any of us who have to work at all, and an organization of this sort should certainly find liberal patronage.

* * *

The prosecution of a couple of local fortune tellers suggests that weakness in humanity:—an endeavor to lift the veil of the future. It is a weakness so well defined that any voluble pretender can play upon it. When mankind have to be protected by hardheaded unimaginative police and public prosecutors from being victimized by the shallow devices of imposters, we wonder what sort of stuff we are made of. Yet it is the most natural thing in the world to desire to know what is to happen, an impulse no less common among the rich and cultured than among the poor and ignorant. A lady who holds the finest china teacup in her jewelled fingers and endeavors to see strange lines of portent written in the tea grounds, is quite as superstitious as the girls in the boarding school who cluster about their companion who is said to be gifted as a fortune teller. In olden times the seer had power to disturb the plans of kings and oracles were consulted before any great campaign was undertaken. We think we have outgrown such superstition but in reality we are as anxious as the ancients to get a glimpse of to-morrow and quite as credulous. The evening of life may bring mystical lore, and coming events may cast their shadows before, but there is no greater absurdity than the idea that any human being has the gift of observing the unseen things of the future. Gypsies and other itinerants who have acquired a vast knowledge of human nature and can read character almost at a glance, make very shewd guesses as to one's past and future, but they are nothing but guesses—most misleading things, exciting ambitions and hopes which in nine cases out of ten, tend to lead astray a credulous victim of an anxiety to know what is likely to happen. There is no more common wall at the end of a mistaken life than "If I had only known." We may know if we learn by experience and watch the fruits of folly and passion in others, but we can never learn by studying the stars, teacup or cards, or by visiting fortune-tellers and other imposters who pretend to more than natural foresight.

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate
Except the page prescribed, the present state."

DON.

The Montreal Edition of Saturday Night.

A special edition of SATURDAY NIGHT, containing a large amount of Montreal news, has been begun with most flattering prospects, and we would ask our friends in that city to assist us, in the matter of information and correspondence, to make this paper as popular in that city as it is in Toronto. No expense will be spared to make the Montreal news columns as reliable and entertaining as possible, and in a couple of weeks new serial stories will be begun, so that all Montreal subscribers may have the opening chapters.

The young should be taught to trust in Providence and themselves, and to fight adverse circumstances to the last gasp. In a large majority of such gladiatorial combats he who thus champions fate to the uttermost wins the day; and at the worst it is a consolation to defeat to feel that nothing man could do to secure victory was left undone.

Social and Personal.

The smartest and largest house of the Abbott engagement last week was undoubtedly that of Friday. Miss Abbott's diamonds blazed their brightest, and her gowns, especially one of black worn in the last act, were the wonder of the audience. This last seemed to comprise many theater parties, for none of the usual signs of such affairs were wanting. Row upon row of gleaming shoulders and well-starched bosoms, great unpunctuality, together with much chatter, and an attention to attractions on the right and left more constant than that given to the stage and its occupants—all these things stamp the fashionable theater party as it is known in Toronto. Among those who graced boxes and stalls on Friday evening, I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Sankey, the Misses MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Captain and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. Strange, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Mr. B. Cronyn, Mr. Jack Small, Mrs. McRae, the Misses Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Mackay, Mr. Sydney Small, Miss Ross, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Thomas Tait, Miss Buntin, the Misses Yarker, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Miss Fraser, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Miss Cockburn, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Edward Jones, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Ross.

On the first three evenings of next week Miss Juch and an opera company studded with brilliant names are sure to draw rank and fashion to the Grand Opera House. I have already heard of two large theater parties, which are projected for Monday and Wednesday evenings.

As an untiring and popular leader of society, as well as a delightful singer and talented amateur actress, Mrs. George Torrance is well-known in Toronto. The *role* of composer is, however, a new one for this lady. Mrs. Torrance's first published composition is a valse entitled Reve d' Amour which is appropriately dedicated to Colonel Dawson and the gallant officers of the Royal Grenadiers. Reve d' Amour will performed for the first time in May, at a concert in which it will share the honors with Mr. Edward Lloyd, the famous English tenor.

It seems to me that in one respect, at any rate, Hamilton can give yards to Toronto. In the matter of amateur theatricals, Hamilton has always excelled. The Garrick Club of that city, which was organized very many years ago and which has promoted performances of opera and comedy several times a year since its foundation, is now more flourishing than ever, and has recently moved into a new and commodious club house on Main street. On Monday of this week I was one of several visitors from Toronto, who enjoyed the excellent acting of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar and of Mrs. Milligan, in two vivacious farces. The Garrick Club House comprises a pretty and well-appointed Bijou theater. The *proscenium* is fitted with all the necessities for managing the scenery of a play, the dressing-rooms are cosy, and the arrangement of the auditorium is all that the comfort and well-being of the audience can desire. What beauty and gallantry Hamilton contains, had flocked to the Garrick Club on Monday. And really there is more of these qualities in the Ambitious City than some people here imagine. It was an audience that would have done credit to any place, while the talents of those on the stage were very much above the amateur average.

In Toronto we have a fashionable amateur opera club, but nothing has been heard of it this winter. Can it be true that the founders of the club, who formed its executive committee have caused its comparative failure by a tendency to choose operas which they thought contained parts which would suit themselves, without paying proper regard to the merits of other members? Such charges have been made against these gentlemen, and they have replied that the salaried conductor had always allotted the parts. Yes, but to whom did the conductor look for his salary? What chances did he have of judging of the capabilities of any large portion of the members?

The annual meeting of the Trinity University Lawn Tennis Club was held at the college on Tuesday last. Mr. J. A. Abbot was elected hon. sec.-treas. for the year, and Messrs. Loucks, Gemmell and W. H. White were appointed to serve on the committee.

Miss Campbell and Miss Strange have returned to Government House, after a visit to New York and Washington.

It is said that Mr. Hamilton, son of the Bishop of Niagara, is to hold the secretaryship at Government House, which was resigned not long since by Mr. Harcourt Vernon.

Mrs. and Miss Osler of Queen's Park left the city on Tuesday for New York, where they will bid good-bye to the elder Miss Osler who leaves on Thursday for a trip to England.

It is rumored that a ball will be given at Government House in honor of the Duke of Connaught who visits Canada in May.

Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, Police Magistrate, has been granted two months' leave of absence, and left the city Tuesday night for Quebec and Halifax, sailing from the latter city to day. Mrs. Denison and Mr. George Denison accompanied the Colonel on his trip which is a pleasure one, pure and simple.

Mr. Edmund St. George Ivens sailed last week by the Umbria for England where he will stay during the next two years. He will be very much missed by numerous friends who have appreciated his intelligent mind and have always liked him for that bright open disposition which is one of his chief characteristics.

To-morrow will probably be seen the largest turn out of members of the society of St. George which Toronto has yet seen. In addition to the men of St. George, the Sons of England and the Army and Navy Veterans, headed by the splendid band of the latter organization, will take part in the annual services at St. James' Cathedral. The grand marshal of the society, Mr. H. K. Cockin, intends the procession to move off from the society's rooms at 3.10 sharp so as to have every one comfortably seated at least five minutes before the service commences.

Mrs. Charles Moss of Jarvis street entertained a large number of young people and college boys last Saturday between the hours of five and ten o'clock.

Miss Annie Parsons returned home last week from Cobourg, where she has been the guest of Mrs. Boswell for two months.

Mrs. Z. A. Lash of Grosvenor street will welcome a number of college boys and young people to-day between five and ten o'clock.

Mrs. Grantham and her niece, Miss Fannie Shanklin, will be At Home this afternoon at half-past four o'clock.

Miss Fannie Boswell of Cobourg is staying with Mrs. Charles Parsons of Parklands, Queen's Park.

Miss Birchall of St. Vincent street has gone to visit relations in St. Catharines for a fortnight.

Mrs. Wallis of Grosvenor street is home again after a couple of months' absence spent in the Southern States.

On Tuesday evening the members of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Ontario held their first annual dinner in Harry Webb's parlors. The gathering was a large and brilliant one, thoroughly representative of the skilled business element of the city. Outside the members of the Institute the following guests were present: Messrs. J. I. Davidson, Hugh Blain, Dr. Hoskins, Q.C., Rev. Dr. Briggs, J. Herbert Mason, A. M. Smith, Henry W. Darling, Ewan Buchan, Ald. Boustead, W. Martin Flach, J. J. Tonkin, S. Davidson, J. W. Langmuir, W. S. Lee, James Headley, W. Kersteman, Capt. James Mason and E. Bounsfield. President J. T. Moore occupied the chair, and Messrs. H. W. Cross and R. T. Coady the vice-chairs. The retiring president, Mr. H. W. Eddis, was presented with an address and a handsome flower epergne. After the conventional toasts had been disposed of, the toast list took a form in keeping with the professional nature of the assemblage and many excellent speeches were elicited from some of the commercial authorities present. The dinner was in Webb's best style.

A pretty wedding ceremony took place in Old St. Andrew's church on Tuesday morning, when Mary Eveline Milligan, second daughter of Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of the church, was wedded to James Fraser Macdonald, second son of the late Senator Macdonald of Oaklands. The marriage service was conducted by the bride's father, assisted by Rev. Principal Grant of Kingston, moderator of the General Assembly. The bride's gown was a dainty-fashioned one of white silk with white silk embroidery. She wore veil and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her bridesmaid, Miss Gertrude Milligan, wore white henrietta, trimmed with lace and crepe du chine. The hat was a large shirred one, with lily-of-the-valley garniture. She wore also a necklace of gold beads, the groom's gift. The attending groomsman was Mr. A. A. Macdonald.

The altar was tastefully decorated with roses, lilies, palms, spiræa and ferns, while a dainty basket of beautiful roses stood on the pulpit. There were many gifts from friends in the congregation, and, too, beyond its limit. A handsome mantel clock and candelabra in silver and gold, was presented by the employes of the firm of John Macdonald & Co. This, with a profusion of elegant gifts of all descriptions, will effectively aid in gracing the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald. Among those present were: Mrs. Macdonald, mother of the bridegroom, the Misses Macdonald, sisters of the bridegroom, Mrs. Milligan, mother of the bride, Mrs. Grant of Ottawa, sister of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander R. Macdonald, uncle and aunt of the bridegroom, Mrs. Rowse and daughter of Bath, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Alcorn, Mr. John K. Macdonald, brother of the bridegroom, Messrs. Arthur and Duncan Macdonald, brothers of the bridegroom, Mr. Paul Campbell, Master William Milligan, brother of the bride, Rev. J. A. Carmichael, Mrs. Carmichael and daughter of Columbus, Ont., Mr. Clarence Boyd and Mr. Cronyn.

At the very pleasant At Home given by Mrs. Wilkins of Carlton street last week the programme was of a pleasing social nature but was not dancing as was stated in my report last Saturday.

Miss Nina Teviotdale of Bracebridge is staying with friends in the city.

A very pleasant At Home was held at the school house of the Church of the Holy Trinity on Tuesday evening on the occasion of the departure of Rev. George Nattress from that church to associate himself with Rev. Dr. Rainsford in New York. At the end of the evening he was made the recipient of a handsome gold watch and chain by the Sunday school and his friends, and a set of communion linen by the Women's Guild as a token of the high esteem in which he is held by those among whom he had worked so earnestly for the past seven years.

Mr. W. A. Hamilton, the retiring secretary of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, was presented by the members with a handsomely-engraved locket and chain on Tuesday evening. Mr. Hamilton is leaving Toronto to take up his residence in New York.

Mr. Alexander Cameron has returned to the city from Europe, but Mrs. Cameron and his step-daughter are still in Paris. It is announced that this charming young heiress will be wedded in June to the Prince De Benyon Caraman.

Miss Bessie Nairn of Jarvis street and Miss Susie Mackenzie of Sarnia left for Ottawa last Thursday.

The sudden death on Friday of last week of Mr. Alexander Marling was the cause of widespread regret among his friends. Mr. Marling's prominent connection with the Education Department of Ontario, which extended over a period of thirty-six years, made that circle of friends a large one. The deceased was born at Ebley, Gloucestershire, England, in 1832. He came to Canada at the age of ten and was educated at Upper Canada College. He took the degree of LL. B. in Toronto University. In 1854 he became connected with the Education Department, in which he occupied various positions till he attained a short time ago to the responsible position of Deputy Minister of Education. The funeral took place on Monday and was attended by many prominent educationists and the whole staff of the Education Department.

There was a brilliant gathering at the Central Presbyterian church in Hamilton on Wednesday afternoon, when the rites were solemnized which wedded Eleanor Graham Crerar, daughter of John Crerar, Q. C., to George McLaren Brown, son of Adam Brown, M. P. The church was beautified by daintily arranged flowers and bright sunshine, happy faces and beautiful gowns united to make a magnificent setting for the bride. Her gown was ivory duchesse satin draped with crepe du chine and trimmed with Brussels lace and orange blossoms. The bridal veil was fastened with the flowers sacred to bridehood.

Miss Queenie Crerar attended her sister as maid of honor, gowned in pink India muslin with pink acacia-trimmed hat. She carried a pink silk bag filled with roses of the same color. The bridesmaids were Misses Wood, Parker, Grace Gillespie, Lily Brown, Carrie Crerar and Gerty McDougall. They wore white cloth dresses trimmed with yellow, and their large hats were wreathed with yellow acacias. They, too, carried bags of roses. The ushers were Messrs. T. H. Brown, William Hendrie, R. B. Ferrie, Dr. Osborne, R. Hobson, A. Gillespie, George Gates and R. S. Morris. The groomsman was Mr. Harley Brown. Rev. Samuel Lyle, B.D., performed the ceremony, after which a reception was held at the home of the bride's father. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will make a wedding journey to Quebec before leaving for Vancouver where their new home awaits them.

One of the prettiest weddings seen in Detroit for many a day was that celebrated in St. Paul's church last Tuesday, when Dr. R. Adlington Newman was married to Miss Bessie M. Scotten, only daughter of Mr. Daniel Scotten, one of Detroit's most wealthy and esteemed citizens. Dr. Newman is a former resident of Toronto, where he completed his medical studies at Trinity Medical College. The charming bride is not unknown to Toronto society as she has been a visitor here on more than one occasion. The church was beautifully and artistically decorated with a profusion of plants and cut flowers, among which the graceful palm, the slender smilax, Easter lilies and magnificent roses were noticeable for their lovely effects. The bridesmaids were Miss Alexandrine Stanton of New York and Miss Newman, sister of the bridegroom, who will be remembered by Toronto people as the guest of Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer for several months last winter. The best man was Dr. Crawford Scadding of this city.

After the ceremony, the guests repaired to the picturesque home of Mr. Scotten. The presents which were very numerous were marked by great elegance and taste. Among them was a cabinet of Parian marble and carved brass with eight compartments, in each of which was a pretty article of bric-a-brac representing eight different donors, who were cousins of the bride. A gift much valued by the bride consisted of two solid silver spoons presented by the old ladies of St. Luke's Church Home, who have received many kindnesses from the bride. Among the guests were Gen. and Mrs. Rusy, Rev. Wallace and Mrs. Radcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Newman, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Parker, Miss Cox of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Croul, Mr. and Mrs. E. Butler.

The residence of Mr. Joseph McCausland on Jarvis street held a small company on Tuesday afternoon, when his daughter Miriam Eva was married to Mr. C. S. Parsons. The wedding was a quiet one owing to a recent death in the family, only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom being present. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Hunter of Carlton street church. The bride's gown was a faint yellow poplin with trimmings of brocade in the same tint, and garniture of pink roses. Miss Nellie Parsons was bridesmaid. Little Gladys Thompson and Aileen Kirkland attended as maids of honor, while Bruce McCausland and Gordon Thompson acted in the capacity of pages. Mr. Harry Thompson was groomsman. Flowers in profusion were used for decoration, and many beautiful gifts were presented to the bridal pair. Leaving Toronto at 4 55, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons began their wedding journey, which includes New York and other cities of the eastern states.

An interesting entertainment in the form of a military concert with tableaux was given by the St. Bartholomew's Young Ladies' Drill Corps, in the All Saints' school-room on Tuesday evening. A sale of fancy articles and flowers kept the fair vendors busy during the early part of the evening. The programme opened with a tableau by the Young Ladies' Drill Corps, under the management of Lieut. Hall. The costumes were very effective and becoming, the white being relieved by scarlet facings and gold braiding. Solos and duets filled the latter half of the first part of the programme, and the beginning of the second, which was concluded by a fancy march, and a tableau entitled Camping. The entertainment is the first of a series, which will be given in aid of St. Bartholomew's church.

The toast list for the St. George's Society banquet at the Walker House, on the eve of St. George's day (next Wednesday) is as follows: The Queen, by President David Plews—Song. The Governor-General and Lieut. Governor of Ontario, by President David Plews—response by Hon. O. Mowat. The Army, Navy and Auxiliary Forces by 1st Vice-President H. K. Cockin—response by Commander Law, R.N. Imperial Federation, by Past President J. Herbert Mason—response by Mr. E. E. Sheppard. Our Native Land and the Land We Live In, by 2nd Vice-President Charles Spanner—response by 3rd Vice-President David T. Symons. Sister Societies, by Mr. H. V. Green—response by His Worship the Mayor and others. The Presidents and Past Presidents, by Mr. P. H. Drayton. The Ladies, by Mr. George W. Beardmore.

The Young People's Association of St. Stephen's Church hold a Rainbow Fair in the school room of the church on Thursday and Friday April 24 and 25.

Among the passengers sailing next week for Europe is Mr. Harry Leslie, who is leaving for a three months' tour of England and the continent.

A pleasant At Home under the auspices of the Women's Enfranchisement Club was held at the residence of Mrs. S. Campbell of Hazleton avenue on Tuesday evening. A pleasant programme of music and recitations was rendered, after which Dr. Emily Stowe delivered a short address.

Art and Artists.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid invited a large number of friends to a private view of their pictures last Saturday afternoon previous to their being sent to the exhibition of the Academy at Montreal. Many availed themselves of the opportunity and their pleasant studio in the Yonge street arcade was well filled during the whole afternoon. I think it will be almost universally conceded that Mr. Reid's two pictures, Mortgaging the Farm, and The Other Side of the Question, are the best he has yet produced. When space is not so limited I hope to be able to give a longer description of them. It may be safely predicted that they will absorb a large share of attention at the exhibition. Beside these Mr. Reid has some smaller studies and Mrs. Reid some charming compositions in flowers, still life and bits of landscape. Mr. Reid's picture, The Story, which was sent to Paris, succeeded in getting hung in the *Salon*, although over a week late.

Mr. O'Brien's delightful studio was also a center of attraction for many on Saturday and Monday. The large number of paintings and sketches of English and Canadian scenery, some of which I spoke of in this column some time ago, were viewed with great interest by the visitors. Mr. O'Brien will be well represented in this year's exhibition and will find no difficulty in disposing of his artistic and well executed productions.

VAN.

Out of Town.

HARRIE.

A very pleasant impromptu dance was given by Mr. S. Sanford of Statenborough on Friday evening, April 11: quite a number were present and enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. Those who participated in the evening's galeties were: Mr. and Mrs. Mackid, Mrs. McKee, Miss E. Patteson, Messrs. E. and H. Kortright, Miss Reiner, Mr. T. and Miss Boys, the Misses Mason, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. G. Eaten, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. G. Fraser, Mr. T. and the Misses Baker, Mr. W. and Miss Gray, Mr. F. Hewson, Miss B. Stewart, Mr. J. Coffee, Miss M. Lally, Mr. R. Gillett, Mr. C. and the Misses Bird, Mr. H. Beard, Miss Knowlson, Miss E. Scotton, Miss K. McCarthy, Miss E. Jackson, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. A. Dyment, Miss M. Stevenson, Mr. J. Fairbairn, Miss N. Thomson, the Misses Henderson, Mr. F. Crease, Miss Telfer, Mr. F. Norman, Miss Lytell, Mr. V. Meeking.

Mrs. Mason of Harr Hall gave two small evenings last week for young people, each of which was a most pleasing success.

A delightful time was spent last Monday evening at Mrs. Daniel Spry's, it being the occasion of an impromptu party. Dancing was the order of the evening as usual and was indulged in for several hours by those who were partial to this pleasure. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Mrs. J. H. McKegzie, Mrs. A. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Mackid, Mrs. H. McKee of Grassenburst, Miss Brydon, the Misses Mason, Mr. T. and the Misses Baker, Mr. F. Hewson, Mr. A. Dyment, Miss Reiner, Mr. A. Boys, Messrs. E. and H. Kortright, Mr. T. Boys, Mr. C. and Miss Bird, Mr. H. Beard, Miss B. Stewart, Mr. A. Giles, the Misses Henderson, Miss H. Holmes, Mr. H. McVittie, Miss K. McCarthy, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. T. and Miss E. Scotton, Miss F. Knowlson, Miss Telfer, Mr. F. Norman, Miss Lytell, Miss N. Clark, Mr. V. Meeking, Mr. F. Crease.

Miss Candle gave a very enjoyable card party last week for a few friends.

It is rumored that several At Homes and dances will be given this month, already there has been a perfect round of gaieties. Afternoon teas are still a favorite pastime and occasionally they are given.

Mrs. Plummer and daughter of Wellesley street, Toronto, are the guests of Mrs. McCoutrey.

Miss Grace Campbell has returned home after spending six months with relatives in the Old Country. OCULAIRE.

BELLEVILLE.

Miss May Clarke, a prominent young vocalist of this city, has left for Toronto where she intends to take vocal instruction from Mr. Haslam, Toronto College of Music. Miss Clarke is not only admired for her fine voice, but for her many amiable qualities.

Mr. and Mrs. Gearing of Brighton spent Easter with Mr. and Mrs. W. Northrop at Offendene.

Dr. A. H. Coleman of this city took the prize for fourth year Chemical Therapeutics, and won a place on the final honor list of McGill College, Montreal.

Dr. J. Potts of Montreal is in the city on account of the serious illness of his father, Mr. E. F. Potts.

Mr. Thomas Ritchie has purchased the old Holton homestead on Bridge street. It is undergoing repairs and improvements.

Mrs. M. W. Maclean, Mrs. Tannahill and Mrs. George left last week for Hamilton. Mrs. George intends to visit Galt before returning.

Miss Mabel Burdette, the Misses Corby, Miss Tillie Carman, Miss Ethel Robertson, Miss Kathleen Bell and Miss Nettie Lingham have been home for the holidays. Miss Ethelind Thomas is also home this week.

E. BEETON
High Grade Watch Specialist
HAS REMOVED TO
25 Leader Lane
First Door Below King Street
Fine and Complicated Watch Adjusting My Forte.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE
"How small these gloves make your hand look."
S LE AGENTS FOR
Felice Paris
In all the newest shades. Write for Price List.
W. STITT & CO.
11 and 13 KING STREET EAST

NEW MUSIC
SONGS

Arab's Bride (The), baritone—Marks	.50
Remembered Song (The), D Eb F—Rodney	.50
Close to My Heart, D Eb F—Wellings	.50
Arabian Serenade, Eb and F—Wellings	.50
Ferryman John, Eb F and G—Rodney	.50
Abide With Me (sacred)—Hutchins	.50

DANCE MUSIC

'Varsity Ripple—Farriner	.40
Geraldine Waltz—Hutchins	.50
When the Lights are Low Waltz—Bonheur	.60
Sunshine and Shade Waltz—Bonheur	.60

All the "Gondoliers" music now ready.
Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association,
13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

ISSUED MONTHLY LOVERS OF MUSIC $1.00 PER YEAR READ THE CANADIAN MUSICAL HERALD
E. T. COATES
WESLEY BLDG. TORONTO

THE
RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS
OF
CIGARS
MUNGO - - - - 5c.
CABLE - - - - 5c.
EL PADRE - - 10c.
AND
MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.
THE BEST VALUE.
THE SAFEST SMOKE.
THE MOST RELIABLE.

The Purest of the Pure.
NO CHEMICALS.
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.
THE BEST VALUE.

MISS M. MORRISON
41 KING STREET WEST
Is now prepared to show a choice selection of
French and American Pattern Bonnets
AND
MILLINERY NOVELTIES
The Dressmaking Department being under able management.
Satisfaction is Guaranteed
Spring Season, 1890
We beg to advise you that our
Annual Dressmaking and Millinery Opening
Will take place on
Tuesday, April 1
We extend a cordial invitation to you and trust to be favored with your presence.

MISSES E. & H. JOHNSTON
122 King St. West, opp. Rossin House

THE FINEST DIAMOND RING
Ever offered in the Dominion for $25. Sent by registered post to any address in Canada on receipt of price and size; which includes a handsome box. Address J. FRED WOLTZ, Diamond Broker, 41 Colborne street, Toronto, Canada.

HAREM
(Not the Sultan's)
CIGARETTES
YILDIZ
CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

Twang, bang, crash and a discord! Crash, discord, bang, twang! So it goes, the piano next door. The operator has time, oh yes, and the piano, but she has no musical ability and I wish she would find it out. There are plenty of us who have music in our souls, but were not born for the especial purpose of making people happy by our performances.

"Are you musical?" I asked a vivacious little woman not long since.

"What do you mean?" she queried. "I like music and to tell you the honest truth, I do like to gallop my hands over the keys of a piano or organ, but I try to conquer the desire for the sake of humanity."

"What if people insist upon your performing?" I went on.

"Well," with a twinkle, "I punish them by yielding gracefully, and if they enjoy it, I am rather sorry for them. No, I can't play well. I have no especial talent, so I yield the piano stool to the gifted ones."

Brave little woman! I wish she lived next door, or that Edward Bellamy's delightfully-planned music-room was in active operation in Toronto homes.

•

How we do admire the explicit man or woman! What a delight it is to learn from a letter that a dear friend will "arrive by the 9:48 train Monday and return Wednesday noon." How nicely one can arrange things for that guest, and, in this world of wheels inside a dozen wheels, we find it takes an immense amount of management to map out a path—setting aside the probability of following it exactly.

We like people who can explain their wishes, and do not practise any run-a-mile-to-go-a-yard way of conveying information, which is obscure when it is given. Children should be taught to know what they want and ask for it in their mother-tongue, before they get it, and then women of fifty will not be eternally mislea.ling one by roundabout statements, which sound far worse than plain English. As Comics, my dear philosophical friend, would say: "Life's far too short" to waste time in that way.

•

Mosquitoes have appeared amongst us. I saw one quite recently, and I murdered him with an almost fiendish delight. It seems cruel to revenge one's self upon a dear little spring-time music-monger for the evil deeds perpetrated by his ancestors last summer.

Woman is, however, rather an unforgiving creature, and though he lost his life, I do not suppose my malicious chuckle hurt his feelings.

I see that a cocoa-butter preparation has been manufactured in the shape of a pencil. A few strokes with this pencil will allay the torment induced by the bites of the tantalizing little insects, and I trust these pencils will be for sale here, at so low a rate that each person may have one. Let us keep at no more than a step behind the ubiquitous little pest.

•

The glazed black hat has become so universal a favorite that it has sacrificed its attractiveness by being too common. Now the white one holds the first place.

In St. Augustine the women are wearing summer flannels already, and a pretty suit is of white. The dress is serge, and with it is worn a white collar, a white silk tie, white glazed hat, white ooze-leather shoes and white parasol, the only departure from the angelic non-color being the gloves, which are of tan.

•

Ecclesiastical embroideries are much sought after at present by wealthy women, to whom the new is always the beautiful. The inmates of the cloisters have been industrious needle-women for centuries, and there have been laid away finely-wrought embroideries, which are now sold for large sums. Impoverished churches are searching out partly-worn and discarded vestments, which later on decorate my lady's mantel-shelf or drape an arch in her new world home.

•

Steel braiding and steel embroidery are more popular than gold and silver.

Deep fringes are again the fashion. A pretty silk skirt which I saw a day or two ago had three wide frills in the front, each finished with a fringe of a slightly darker shade.

For midsummer wear large lace scarfs will be converted into capes with long ends in front, by simply shirring them in the middle to fit the neck and shoulders.

The overskirt is coming to us again, with all its old-time apparent humility. It is like the proverbial camel who, succeeding in poking his nose in the tent, went on poking. That overskirt is very unostentatious at present. It is only a slight lifting of scantily draped material from the foundation skirt, or a pair of cute little apron paniers; but it will grow bolder, and hideous patterns, real material-gobblers will call for yards upon yards of goods, and we shall presently be rolled up in puffs and folds. That too before we have reached the last stanza of our victory song at their fall from fashion's favor.

•

For a good complexion it is said that Emma Abbott advocates a hot bath, a fruit breakfast and a five-mile walk. She considers glycerine the best preservative of the skin, and uses it for face, arms and neck, diluting it with filtered water.

•

When hide-and seek was a business of life; when I used to wander about and take eye measurements of empty barrels and niches in woodpiles, in order to have a stock in trade for the next game, I can remember how exultantly the voices rang, which shouted "Home free!"

It meant so much often, a secure and unknown hiding-place for several "hides," and I did not wonder at the pride and satisfaction in the clear notes.

Now life is more serious. Still men and women make "home runs;" and if they gain a coveted end by hard honest work, let them exult over accomplished dreams, and do not cry out in bitter envy and selfishness that they did not "play fair."

Perhaps they did not—then scorn them. But if they were just, and met with merited success, do not let their triumph rouse low-born jealousy, and do not look up to their coveted prize with a sour-grape expression. Let us be charitable to all, just in everything, honor the good in life, and congratulate with earnest hearts the one who honestly gets home free. CLIP CAREW.

Church Talks.

Sherbourne street church was crowded on Sunday evening. Chairs were set in the aisles, extra seats ranged along the walls and even then the pulpit steps were crowded, many stood and still others were turned away.

The occasion was the Sunday-school anniversary services, and the little ones were seated in the front seats of the choir gallery and in rows on the pulpit itself.

The altar was decorated with lilies, ferns and palms, and the flowers and the restless little boyish heads gave an unwonted look to the usually quiet and plain pulpit.

Rev. W. S. McKee of Belfast, whose earnest eloquence has attracted so much attention during his stay here, delivered the sermon.

A well-built man with fair sandy hair, a smooth shaven face and a most impressive voice, he commands undivided attention through his personality.

A good voice-modulation is one of this gentleman's most desirable speaking qualities, and as he referred with feeling to his escape in a terrible railway accident on June 12, when the little Irish children boarding the train with gay faces and happy hearts were snatched by death with no warning, the silence spoke of the responsive feeling which moved the hearts of his listeners.

The text was in John viii. 12: "I am the light of the world." To properly understand the qualities of light, said the young divine, it must be analyzed. You will find when a ray is separated by the prismatic glass that you have its component parts. Each part has some especial attribute. For instance, yellow gives the most heat, violet moves the most quickly, and so on. To understand the character of Christ it must be studied, reflected upon and analyzed.

Light is the great healer. It is a fact appreciated by physicians that a patient into whose room the sun shines gains strength more rapidly than the one in a room to which the closely built city houses deny his access.

The part enlarged upon was the wonderful power of light, and the consequent depth of meaning in its present application.

Rev. Mr. McKee is eloquent. His words are apt and kept flowing with no sign of hesitation. He is earnest to abruptness; and a rapid, but rather monotonous gesture of the right forearm increases this quality. His accent is pleasing with one exception. The short "o" is broadened into "aw," which gives an uncouth pronunciation to such words as "gospel" and "God."

Mr. McKee is one of those men whose appearance is rather deceptive. He looks boyish, he may be ten years older, and is probably half way between. ETELKA.

Epitheton Ornans.

A soft melancholia circles her brow,
A sort of Idealized Doleful;
Her manners are charming; I freely allow
That her eyes are exceedingly soulful.
Her infinite graces allure and entice;
There are those who consider her witty;
But she told me the poems of Shakespeare were "nice"
And the Falls of Niagara "pretty."

She dances, as angels in heaven might dance,
Were dancing adapted to their case;
Her fortunate partner's delight to enhance
She consents to sit out on the staircase.
Her beauty was causing my pulse to go quick,
Without any occasion whatever;
But then she informed me that Browning was "chic,"
And that Handel's Messiah was "clever."

They say she is "cultured"—paints platters and cards,
And therefore she cannot be stupid;
She copies out verses from popular bards,
About Venus, and Psyche, and Cupid.
I dote upon culture: I'd fall at her feet,
With a lover's infinite folly;
But, ah! she has told me that Wagner is "sweet,"
And that Tennyson's "awfully jolly."

Mr. Lang's Disappointed Uncle.

"Some years ago," says Mr. B. F. Cable, "I attended a dinner given by a friend in New York—a physician, who, coming originally from Scotland, has made fame and money in our country. Replying to a toast on this occasion I congratulated said Scotia upon having just given to the world another son who occupied a foremost place among contemporaneous litterateurs—Robert Louis Stevenson. Having ended my speech, which was as felicitous as I could make it, I sat down, and was at once drawn into conversation by an elderly gentleman sitting hard by. This gentleman told me that Stevenson was a particular friend of his nephew, and he recalled several incidents illustrating the cordial relations between the two. Perceiving that the old gentleman himself was a Scotchman I renewed with increased enthusiasm my praises of Stevenson, which seemed to please my friend mightily.

"His nephew, he said, was a very bright man, and had he chosen his profession wisely he might have amounted to much. But he would have his own way, and, contrary to the wishes and advice of his family, he embarked in literature. This step of his had always been regretted by the speaker (his uncle), for he recognized his talents and it had pained him to see those talents perverted and wasted. He might have amounted to so much if he had kept out of literature!

"The old gentleman said this with so great feeling that my heart went out in pity toward him. Still I was curious to know who this nephew was—this misguided young genius, the boon companion of Stevenson.

"'And what is your nephew's name?'

"'His name is Andrew Lang, answered the old gentleman. 'Did you ever hear of him?'

"'Did I ever hear of Andrew Lang!' I roared. 'Well, I should rather say so! Why, man, your nephew is the biggest all-round literary man in England to-day, yet here you sit coddling the delusion that he has mistaken his profession!'

"'I know, I know,' said the old gentleman, sadly; 't'is all weel enough to talk, but wi' the grace o' God in his heart he wudda made sic a gude minister!'"—*Chicago News.*

What the Bluebird Sang.

"What are you singing, dear bluebird, bright bluebird?"
Answered the bluebird: "Sweet April is here;
March has departed (her grumbling step-brother),
And all through the orchards white blossoms appear—
Blossoms that blush as the sun gives them kisses,
Blossoms that fling dainty sweets on the air,
Blossoms that promise, in golden September,
Many an apple and many a pear."

"Sing once again, pretty glad-hearted bluebird,"
Answered the bluebird, "All over the lea
Violets blue and pink May buds are growing
And a young vine is climbing the old cedar tree.
All that was sleeping by spring is awakened;
Lilies and roses are coming are long;
Brooklets are dancing and honey bees humming,"
And away flew the bluebird still singing his song.

In a Street Car.

Elderly Party (to small boy)—Come, my little man, I guess you'll let me have your seat?

Small Boy—Guess again.

Elderly Party—What! You won't give it up? Wouldn't you give it up to your father if he came in?

Small Boy—You just bet your life I would. I wouldn't ride with no ghost.—*Society.*

Fertile in Expedients.

Agent—I'd make you my janitor, only I must have a married man.

Applicant—Keep the place open for an hour and I'll fix that. It's easier to get married than to get a job.—*The Epoch.*

The Erie Railway Flyer to New York.

Leaving Toronto at 2.50 p.m., is the best train to New York, arriving at 8.20 a.m. Through parlor and sleeping car line.

Artistic Millinery

THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM
63 King St. West
(1st Floor—opp. Mail Office)

Will be prepared on and after March 20 to show a complete assortment of Spring importations in Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Fatigue Hats, Bonnets, etc.

MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

Armson & Stone.

Complete range of Novelties for the Spring in every department.

Beautiful Dress Goods, Trimmings and Millinery.

Jackets are going quickly. Order early.

212 YONGE STREET

The Golden Lion

March 1890

R. WALKER & SONS'
DRESSMAKING PARLORS
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
MISS PATON

Miss Paton has just returned from New York fully prepared to entertain and undertake the commands of her various patrons. Her rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the coming styles and modes.

Miss P., having a reputation of artistically producing correct duplicates of French drapery and fit, also the true portrayal of any original European and New York pattern, invites an early visit and inspection.

A Modern Instance.

"Come, General," said Miss Rosebud, "tell us the story of your achievements in the field. I do so love to hear you talk of yourself."

"And my reward?" asked the veteran.

"A kiss," returned the girl.

"Well," ejaculated the green-eyed civilian, who was calling, "that is a case of giving a kiss for a blow."—*Puck.*

1890 : SPRING : 1890

JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 YONGE STREET

Beg to announce that they are now showing a full line of

FINE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS

in all the latest styles for spring trade.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Edward Miller's Celebrated New York Felt and Silk Hats

IMPORTERS OF

Ladies' Silk Riding Hats and Velvet Hunting Caps

99 Yonge Street, Toronto

DORENWEND'S

Stock of styles in Hair Goods is complete.

Frontpieces, Bangs
Plain and Fluffy Switches
Wigs, &c.

Every lady in Toronto should see Dorenwend's before making purchases. Dorenwend's is the old reliable place.

Hair Magic—Eureka, Golden Hair Wash Powders, and all Toilet Requisites.

HAIRDRESSING ROOMS FOR LADIES
Telephone 1551 for appointments.

A. DORENWEND
Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge Street

HAIR-DRESSER AND HAIR-DRESSING. The art of hair-dressing and the hair-dresser-perfumer have been in existence for centuries among the civilized and refined nations of Europe, especially in England and France. From the most refined lady down to the humble servant the hair-dresser is patronized. The hair-dresser can only exist among people of refinement and civilization. If there is no refinement, there is no place for a hair-dresser. The would-be refined lady will patronize the hair-dresser once a year or so, and will tell you, with vulgar expression, that she comes or goes to the barber, not knowing the difference between hair-dresser and barber, which any child in Europe can tell you. A barber you will find everywhere, from the city to the backwoods, but no hair-dresser. If you hear a lady say that she came from—or had her hair barbered, or send for the barber, you may take it for a sure sign that her ancestry of refinement does not date far back. The would-be refined lady will take any woman or barber (colored or white) who goes from house to house to do her hair; but yet she may be excused, because of not having been educated to that point of better refinement. The reliable place is **ARMAND'S HAIR STORE, 407 Yonge Street 4th, Toronto.**

TRANSATLANTIC

During the Spring and Summer early application is

DECIDEDLY ADVISABLE

in order to secure the best East-bound and West-bound accommodations, which will be alloted according to steamship lines chosen.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Gen. Steamship Agent
72 Yonge St., Toronto

A. E. FAWCETT
Successor to C. Sheppard
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST
67 King Street West

Physicians prescriptions and family recipes accurately compounded. Telephone No. 73.

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in
Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

TRY OUR NEW PATENT

YATISI

YATISI

CORSET

This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.

Crompton Corset Co'y

Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion

CHOICE IMPORTED
Wines, Liquors, &c.

Rare old Islay and Cambelton Scotch Whisky, 8 years' old. Rare old Dunville and Jamieson's Irish Whisky, 7 years' old. Full line of Wines—Champagnes, Ports, Sherries, Bordeaux, Tarragona. Full line of Gins—De Kruyper's, Schiedammer, Geneva and Old Tom. Full Line of Brandies, Liquers, Rum, Mineral Waters, Bass' Ale, Guinness' Porter.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

J. A. HARRIS
Telephone 1850. 4 Louisa Street

BINGHAM'S
COMPOUND EXTRACT OF
SARSAPARILLA

The best spring medicine in the market. Purifies the blood, invigorates the system and eradicates disease.

Slightly Laxative. Pleasant to Take

Price 75c.

Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge Street

McARTHUR'S
BEEF, IRON AND QUININE WINE

A highly nutritious preparation combining the well-known tonic properties of Beef, Iron and Sherry Wine with Quinine (the active principal of Peruvian bark). In cases of Nervous Prostration or Extreme Debility arising from whatever cause its action is immediate, producing wonderful results. Specially valuable for convalescents after severe illness. Prepared only by

J. A. McARTHUR
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST
230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter St.
(R. A. Wood's Old Stand)
Telephone 479

OUR OWN DIRECT IMPORTATIONS OF

French Dress Goods

The arrival of a fresh line of new imported Dress Patterns is an event that is always of especial interest to Ladies, and more particularly so when the collection of fine effects comprises the very latest, noblest, and Frenchiest productions. It is such a display that we are proud to show to the Ladies of Toronto at our store to-day.

SOME OF THE STYLES

FRENCH DELAINES
In light and dark grounds.
A superb collection of elegant patterns.

FRENCH DRESS GOODS
In combination and Tweed effects.

FRENCH TWEEDS,
WITH VELVET AND SILK TRIMMINGS.
The styles in these trimmings are a revelation of exquisite taste.

FRENCH HENRIETTAS
In 80 different shades.
An immense and beautiful variety.
With trimmings of BROCHE, ROYAL, MOIRE and FAILLE in the loveliest designs.

FRENCH SATEENS.
All in the very newest and nattiest patterns, designed exclusively for us and imported direct by us from the famous house of Koechlin & Baumgartner, Paris.

We make a specialty of Mantle and Dress-Making, and Guarantee Fine Work and Perfect Fit.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
218 Yonge Street, cor. Albert

FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

ELAINE.

Perhaps nowhere in the world are such magnificent scenes, such delicious little bits of beauty to be found as in Canada. It is one of these panoramas I would describe to you, the eyes of a young artist, who, footsore and weary, stopped to admire it one bright summer day.

He was midway between two small Ontarian villages, having walked some eight or nine miles. He sat on a low snake fence. Behind him was a dense wood, untouched by the hand of man and full of nature's beauty. The little wild flowers peeped modestly from the green aisles, stately ferns bowed gracefully with the slight breeze which stirred through the tall pine trees and, above the buzz of the smaller creation, the birds sang joyously to their Maker. Overhead, such a sky as Canada can boast loomed deeply, darkly blue, not a speck relieving the sheeny expanse. Before him rippled a fast flowing creek, the boughs of some willows swishing in it, as it passed; and beyond, rising higher and higher till they seemed to reach the heavens, waved the pride of Canada, the glorious maple trees, glowing with the blush of early fall.

The stranger picked up his knapsack and sketching materials from the grass, and rose to his feet.

"After all," he mused aloud, "nature isn't every thing, and I'm getting hungry, I think I'd better move on."

He made his way to the creek, and looking round, discovered a bridge, in the shape of a fallen tree.

"Seems as if the lightning knew what was wanted in this part of the world," he murmured, as he looked at the charred, and blackened trunk, and though, what a mighty wind must have laid that massive tree so low.

Picking his way with care on this natural bridge, he paused to admire the view; and then, as he raised his eyes, they encountered such a beautiful pair that he started, straightway, lost his balance, and went down with a splash into the creek.

Fortunately he was near the farther bank, and managed to scramble up it, his knapsack as well as his clothes soaked through; but that was nothing to the pain in his ankle, which made him fall exhausted to the ground.

The young girl, who had started at his sudden splash in the water, came hurriedly from behind the clump of maples, which had partly hidden her. In spite of his sufferings, Harry Hilton noticed how light and buoyant the slight figure was, how picturesque in a plain white dress and large hat adorned with a bunch of real flowers, and surely he had never before seen such a beautiful face spiritualized with the glow of perfect health, such an abundance of wavy nut-brown hair.

He had heard a ringing laugh as he fell in the creek, but as the girl ran towards him the dimples disappeared, and a look of gentle commiseration took their place.

"Oh, forgive me for laughing," she said breathlessly; "I'm afraid you are hurt."

Harry looked at the face above him with an artist's appreciation of its blended tints.

"Most have sprained my ankle, I think."

"Then you must have it seen to right away, before it swells any." She ran a little way calling out, "Jim! Jim! He'll do for you," she said, returning, "he did mine some years ago, when I fell out of a tree. Here, Jim," she went on, as a red-headed farm hand appeared, "this is the gentleman's ankle, he's hurt it."

Jim looking stolidly surprised at the apparition of a strange man, and that a gentleman alone is such an out-of-the way place, felt the injured limb with an expert hand, "Small bone out," he said, gruffly. "He'd best lean back lest he faints."

"Lean against me," said the girl anxiously. Accordingly, Harry leaned his head back, reclining in her lap, her hand close clasped in his.

"Don't be a'raid to squeeze if it hurts much," she remarked, cheerfully, and in a moment he nearly wrung the little hand off, for, without more ado, Jim laid hold of the aching foot and, with a jerk, had it in place again.

"Now," said Jim, "you give me your handkerchief and I'll bind it up tight for you. You won't be able to walk for quite a spell, though," he went on, dubiously.

"You must carry him to the house, of course," responded his mistress, bustling about to gather together the stranger's belongings.

The boy being bound up, Jim lifted Harry, who was too weak to have any curiosity as to his destiny, and carrying him as easy as an infant made towards a tall clump of maples, rounding which they came upon a dainty cottage, completely shut off from the outer world. It was a white brick house, discolored by age, one side covered with Virginia creeper, and the front a mass of roses and honeysuckle, climbing up the low verands and peeping in at the upper windows. A bird cage hung from the center of the veranda, an old dog at the door lazily rose and stretched himself at their approach, and on a window sill reposed a couple of cats. Over the door, the visitor read carved in wood and painted red, "The Hermitage."

The girl ran forward, displaced the cats and wheeled a sofa to the window, on which Jim deposited his burden.

"Father's gone down to the pasture, hasn't he?"

"Yes, and I guess he won't be back for some time, anything I can do to?" asked Jim.

"Yes, you can get him some clothes out of father's room and dry his things. I'll get him something hot."

In half an hour she returned, bearing a small tray, and burst out laughing.

"Well, you do look funny. They're just miles too large for you, but I hope you won't catch cold. You must eat something right away; we don't have tea for a good while. See I have made you some coffee and here is some chicken."

Harry raised himself and while he did justice to the repast asked, "May I ask the name of my preserver?"

"Certainly—Jim."

"You know I didn't mean him. If I judged by looks I should say Rose."

"Then you'd just be wrong. Why didn't you think of Sarah?"

"Because I didn't think you could have such an ugly name."

"I think it's horrid of you to call it ugly."

"Well, I always did think it ugly, but of course now it is pretty."

"What bosh! Do drink some of my coffee."

She seated herself on a low rocker and folding her hands softly together, remarked, "Do you know you are the first gentleman, except papa, I have ever seen."

"You don't say so! How is that?"

"Why, because there are none about here and I've never been out of the place."

"Don't you go to town in the winter?" he asked, glancing round the room, which, with its good pictures and tasteful though old-fashioned, furniture suggested a comfortable income.

She shook her head, "I never go, even to the village," she said, "Papa goes to Toronto four times a year; he brings me all I want, and we never see any one, he calls himself a Hermit."

"But you have been to school?"

"Never! papa has taught me all I know, I have never been in a school, or theater or a church."

"Is your father, then, an Atheist?"

"Oh! no; I asked him once to take me to church, there is one five miles from here. But he said, 'go to the woods. The little birds send up as much praise and thanksgiving to their Maker as any congregation. I didn't mind that so much," she said simply, "but oh! I do want to see a play. I have read of them, and they must be so lovely; you have been to the theater, so you can tell me. I hope your ankle won't get well very soon.

"Oh! I don't want it to hurt you; but you see it's so nice having a fresh person to talk to. You won't mind very much, will you!"

"Not if you keep me company, and will let me sketch you."

"Sketch me! Oh! now I am afraid you are laughing at me. I know this dress"—with a downward look—"looks funny to you. You see, the fashion papers are so old when I get them, and try as I will I can never get the right effect, so I just make a plain dress like this.

"A dozen of the best dressmakers could have no better effect," said the young man; and he meant what he said, as his eye followed with pleasure the graceful lines of her figure, its natural charms set off by the simplicity of the white gown; and he wondered how much of its city damsels would look without the paddings or puffings and various artifices of fashionable skill.

"If you really think me worth drawing, of course you may. I'd like to have a picture for father. And I'll keep you company, too, any way till you've told me all about the great, big world I long to see."

"You are lonely then!"

"Oh! no, I have papa, my books and animals, but I do want to see the world."

"Believe me you are happier here, not buffeted about by hard, ungrateful people, but even in this out-of-the-way place you must have admirers."

He spoke in a bantering tone; but in her reply, and in the beautiful, truthful face, with its great wondering eyes, he saw what a child she really was.

"Oh! yes," she said, "papa admires me, he likes my singing, and says I know as much as a girl need; and Jim says he thinks I am the prettiest girl he has ever seen."

"So do I."

She looked at him calmly.

"I am glad of that because you know heaps of people, and Jim has only seen the farmers' girls. But here comes papa. Jim must have told him you were here.

Looking from the window, Harry saw a tall, strongly built man striding towards the house. In spite of his old-fashioned and somewhat worn clothes, he had the unmistakable air of the gentleman about him. Harry noticed how small his hands and feet were, and that he had his daughter's blue eyes, though his face wore a sad, reserved look. He entered quietly.

"So you have had an accident," he said with a smile that lit up his face at the sight of the queer figure on the sofa. "Elaine, dear," with a look at her, "go see to tea."

"Why, you said —" began Harry, turning reproachfully.

"I didn't say anything. I merely asked you why you didn't think of Sarah," remarked Elaine as she departed.

"Come from the city?" asked the host, taking the vacant chair.

"The old gentleman wants to know all about me," thought Harry; so he told him his name, that he came from Montreal, had been visiting parts of Canada reported so picturesque and of value to artists. He had wandered, making sketches and taking in nature at her best, till being told at the neighboring village that the country between it and the next was very fine, he had started on a walk of the distance when the present misfortune befel him, "so that," he concluded, "I am lying here, incapable as a log unless I can borrow me a horse to take me to the nearest hotel."

"I should not like to think of you spending the days of rest you spoke of as will result in any hotel within a hundred miles. Suppose we put you up!"

Harry being an artist it was not so much the dread of tough beefsteak and greasy potatoes as the idea of transplanting Elaine's fresh young beauty to canvas, that made him exclaim:

"Thanks! very much, if you will keep me for a few days, till I am all right, I shall be deeply grateful."

"My name," responded his host, "is Weldon, I and my daughter live in utter seclusion seeing no one, but if you are content to rusticate we shall be glad to have your use to you.

"You are too kind, and I fear I am an unwelcome intruder. Your daughter has told me you don't care to see people."

"You won't mind the hermit," he replied, with a sad smile. "My little girl can play the hostess," then, as if with an after-thought, "did you not say you were a married man?"

Harry could not forbear a laugh. "No," he said, "I am not married, but I am not dangerous, I was going to add, because she was already engaged to a sprightly, black-eyed cousin in Montreal; but the door opened at that moment, and a tall, warm country girl, with short skirts, clumping boots, sandy hair, and a beaming face plentifully besprinkled with freckles, made her appearance, bearing the coveted tea.

"What's the matter, Brenda?" asked her master, for the damsel stood open-mouthed, staring at the visitor.

Recalled to herself, she clapped the tray on the table, and made a bolt for the door, stuffing a large handkerchief into her mouth till she got safely down the hall, when they heard echoes of a loud guffaw.

"Excuse rustic manners," said Mr. Weldon, struggling his muscles.

"Guess I do look queer," replied the other. The girl did not appear again, but Elaine came and went, bearing in succession a variety of tempting viands, and poured out tea with a simple grace which would have become a grand dame. After supper Harry and Mr. Weldon had a modest game of cards, while Elaine brought music out of the worn piano and sung to them, in a fresh, happy voice of "rustling trees" and "babbling brooks" and "loving for ever" till Harry was helped up to the little room next to her's, where he still heard her singing softly to herself till he fell asleep, to dream of falling into the creek again, and a white-robed angel, with Elaine's face, bearing him off—away to the moon. Elaine herself leaned from her low window sill, drinking in the still evening air, pondering which of her heroes in fiction he most resembled, and concluding that he possessed all their brilliant qualities rolled in one, and that it was an entrancing thing to have so noble a creature under the same roof with one who could tell, the ways of city life, describe the gifted women her books spoke of, teach her to play and sing better, and help her to read Shakespeare's beautiful plays in the right way.

Sweet Elaine! lying awake with her happy dreams of pleasure in store, little thinking that beyond all this the stranger already possessed the key to her untried heart; that, with his handsome face and winning manner, the way of the world of implying so much devotion and caress, in his simplest actions to women he should in time, almost unconsciously, open the floodgates of her pent up nature, but a weak man after all, he unable to stem the torrent unwasted by the flirtations of a fashionable girl, pent up for the master hand, his alone.

(To be Continued.)

Knew His Business.

Train Robber (to passengers in Pullman)—Be not alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, what few valuables you have left you are welcome to. I would be obliged, however, if some gentleman would direct me to the porter's quarters.—*Life.*

A Patron of Modern Art.

Picture Dealer—What is the class of painting you desire to purchase?

Customer—Very large, very dear, and by one of the newest painters; none of your old-fashioned hackneyed names for me!

The Romance of the Sugar Bush.

Did you ever do any sugar-making? I don't mean the scientific way in which it is done at present by some, but the genuine old style, wooden spiles and troughs, with "old Tom" and the "stone boat" to gather sap, draw wood and chore around.

To the mind of the uninitiated what a delicious picture sugar-making conjures up! An elysium where there is nothing to do but sit round on a mossy log, listen to the whirling partridge, the screaming blue-jay and the chirping chick-a-dee and watch the sap pail.

Nine-tenths of the men of my acquaintance are just acting every spring to put in a few weeks in the sugar bush; and to any who are thus imbued with this sugar-making spirit, I would say: Peruse carefully this experience of one who has been there, and govern yourselves accordingly.

There being three or four of us at home last spring, Jack and I decided to try our hands at sugar-making and have lots of fun.

I had, some twelve years ago, when a shaver of eleven summers, helped to boil sap one spring, and had very pleasant reminiscences of that time. Others did all the work of course.

Determined not to let our chances slip by, in January I got a cedar rail, a brace and bit and saw, and after caving in my breast bone half an inch, boring, I got sufficient spiles ready. We kept a lookout for the weather, but it didn't seem in any hurry, and January slid into February, and February glided into March, and still no weather. About the 25th, however, some fine days came, and at the advice of the "old veteran," we decided to tap. Jack shouldered the axe, hammer, and brace and bit, and we struck for the bush. How scientifically I handled that brace and bit! I was an old hand of experience, and intended to surprise Jack. Imagine my consternation, however, to find when the sap began dropping that we had no vessel to catch it. That didn't floor me, however. We collected all the empty dishes we could lay hold of and with stone pots, milk pans, some jars, patent and tin pails, dish pans, butter crocks, etc., we hitched "old Tom" to the stone boat and rattled away.

Erecting the camp next claimed our attention, but that was a comparatively easy job and we soon had back logs and crooks ready. The dishes were soon full and we hadn't an empty pail about the place. Jack said if we hung up the pork and beef we could have those barrels. Making a virtue of necessity we did it, and after scrubbing them out we filled them with water we began looking around for the boilers.

I knew we had two around some place and after a diligent search found them behind the wood pile under four feet of snow and full of ashes. Shovelling them out we emptied the ashes and discloses to my chagrin that they had been used quite recently, boiling soap, felt mad and down-hearted, and had half a mind to let them go up the hill, but I knew the folks would make fun of us for the next six months. So savagely hauling the boilers to the pump we commenced a vigorous scrubbing which after a long while resulted in getting them clean.

We got barrels and boilers over next morning and, hauling the boilers on the sleigh we rolled in the back logs, placed the barrel on the stoneboat and struck gally off to gather sap. Jack was driving and I holding on the barrel. We got along finely and had the barrel half full of sap coming in, but when crossing the creek "Tom" put on extra speed and went up the hill and as I was whistling Old Hundred and thinking profoundly I turned a back somersault into the creek and the barrel followed me. Jack came down the hill and roared. Perhaps I wasn't mad! The barrel was on top of me and the water was lapping around my nostrils. Angry as I was, with strength and heaving off that barrel, I proceeded to uproot a tree to slaughter something. But the tree wouldn't uproot, and laying down at Jack, I made a bee-line for home muttering fragments of very emphatic language, while the water, dirty water, bubbled out of my boots and dribbled from my nose. I crawled in at the back door, and as the folks were out I had time to change my clothes and get back undiscovered. I had sworn Jack to secrecy by threatening to reveal his love affairs if he gave me away.

Next morning I had a cold, a lovely cold. The folks remarked that I must have got my feet damp. I said perhaps I did and Jack snickered. My cold wouldn't keep me from the bush, however, I thought. It was first fill, I said we'n't we proud when we drifted in at night with half a pail of very thick and dirty syrup.

The second day was Sunday and I walked through the bush, on my way to church, and found the troughs—of which we had added a large number to our collection of boilers—running over. I felt like gathering them, but discarded such thoughts as very wicked, as old Gillies, who lived up the concession, threw away all the sap that ran on Sunday. We did not do that, however, and on Monday we had five barrels to boil down. Didn't we have to work? We had to keep all the wood, which consisted of old trees and limbs, and it seemed to take ten cords—my hands were all blisters. Jack's ditto; but we did it, and at night brought home sugar but triumphant.

Next morning, when we reached the bush, we found the troughs looking as if an earthquake or a cyclone had visited them, and the spiles were lying around promiscuously, with hair on the end of them. "Those b-anked cattle of Smith's," says Jack. I grindy nodded, and calling Lion started on their trail. We found them at the second last trough, and it didn't require much persuasion on my part to induce old Lion to heel them. We drove them clear to the barnyard, where old Smith tackled him with a manure fork, but he escaped with the loss of a few hairs. We had enough of them that night. But if he did come, I was just mad enough to pitch him and his mutilated English through the brush fence. It took us all forenoon to replace troughs and spiles. Next morning we got to work before the geese cackled.

Nothing of any account occurred that forenoon, but in the afternoon I was the victim of a dreadful calamity. I was firing up and was trying to get a refractory stick under the boiler when the wind suddenly reversed around (as the wind has a peculiar faculty for doing in the bush), and before I could retreat the blaze blew into my face and I felt my mustache singeing. Retreating hastily I made an immediate inspection and found to my horror that my mustache was gone. Nothing left but stubs. Jack nearly had a fit when he saw me and rolled on the ground with laughter, but my turn soon came, as the sequel will show.

Next afternoon Jack was sent out I said, gathering, and on my return from my round I found him sitting on a log with a most woe-begone and altogether disconsolate look. Closer investigation caused me to just hang to the barrel and roar, while he got mad as a wet hen. "What was the matter? Why the man looked perfectly tacked when he was emptying the boiler and the blaze completely swept away his eyebrows. It was my turn to laugh. I told him he would make a good Uriah Heep if he would just practice the 'umble dodge a little, and I was just beginning to tell him that I thought he would see a remarkable resemblance and the muley cow when he fired the poker at me and I considered it advisable to leave.

As our sugar making season was drawing to a close, we decided to ask the boys around next night and have a taffy pull. Space will not allow me to describe it in detail, but it was the most jolly night in our experience. The taffy was delicious and we made the old bush ring with song and shout till the owls hooted and "McGregor's rain bloomed bloomed" we wended our way homeward at three o'clock sleepy, happy and sticky, all declaring we had had an elegant time.

One night the frog—the slimy green frog—croaked in the pond for the first time that spring, proclaiming the end of the sugar season.

We gathered up the troughs and spiles and placed them away, and when ready to depart I climbed on the camp pole and with dry eyes and nary a quiver in my voice I said: "Sugar-bush! farewell—I came to thee full of lofty thoughts, hopeful dreams and good clothes—I leave thee with my lofty thoughts and hopeful dreams buried in the creek, my clothes in tatters, my moustache gone, seventeen blisters on my hands and more cold in my lungs than a gallon of cod liver oil will remove. I shall come again! Yes—I shall come when the Trent Valley canal is completed and Bracebridge is a city, or in the beautiful words of the poet:

"When the lion and the little lamb together down shall lie
And the elephant give half the road to the golden butterfly."

Still, in about six months from that time when my blisters were gone, my moustache "growed" and Jack's eyebrows sprouted, and time had cast a smoky mantle for forgetfulness over the unpleasant things in our experience, we began to imagine we had had the biggest kind of a pic-nic in the spring. Such is life and still we cling to it.

MAPLE RIDGE. WILL MACK.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

ARIADNE.—Thanks.

MCDUFF.—See Ma-beth.

MURIEL.—See Brownie.

GYPSY DEAN.—See Jocky.

JOCKY.—Selfish, self-esteeming and firm.

ADA C.—Affectation, vanity and sincerity.

CAL.—Impulsive, warm-hearted and sincere.

MOWERS.—Genial, generous and sympathetic.

GREECE.—Firmness, honesty and ostentation.

ROSE.—Resolution, hasty temper and candor.

ESTER R.—Selfishness, carelessness and vanity.

KATE.—Sensitive, reserved and warm-hearted.

PRODDY.—Obstinacy, self-esteem and candor.

MAGGIE.—Self-esteem, tact, and determination.

HEPATICA.—Unselfish, firm, genial and self-reliant.

EDGAR C.—Self-esteem, pash, self-will and cordiality.

BROWNIE.—Open-hearted, vivacious and a little va in.

BRUNETTA.—Ambitious, ostentatious, reserved and proud.

BULAH.—Ostentatious, self-willed and fickle in friendship.

WANETA.—Pliability in friendship, sympathy, decision and mind.

CRYSIAS, Brantford.—Erratic, original, moody and self-willed.

TIM.—Abrupt in manner, decisive in action, hasty in temper.

J C., Montreal.—Energy, cordiality, prudence and perseverance.

ZIBERNAILA M.—Tenderness, indecision, generosity and candor.

SUTHERLAND S.—Ambition, ostentation, perseverance and willfulness.

DICK SHIVELLER, Beaverton.—Energy, self-will and perseverance.

M. D.—It would be impossible to learn. See Queen of the Isles.

JAS C. PONSENT, St. THOMAS.—Energy, tact, perseverance and sincerity.

MUGGINS, Belleville.—Carelessness, gentle temper, sensitiveness and sincerity.

LITTLE DORRITT.—Earnestness, a painful disposition, decisive and generously.

PRISCILLA.—Energetic, a little selfish, hasty-tempered, but stick-up willed.

BURNS BEE.—Go by Hillix. Candor, determination, sympathy and impulse.

MACKETS, Pickering.—Good executive ability, prudence, perseverance and sincerity.

TONY.—Ambition, energy, vivacity and an immense amount of self will and self-reliance.

ELLAR CAMERON.—January 6, 1874, fell on Tuesday. Writing shows self-will, impulse and carelessness.

DORA.—One should always acknowledge a gift. There can be no impropriety in your writing a note of thanks.

ROSALIE.—No; a young a girl is better away to—a ball-room. Impulse, heedlessness and decision of character.

A. H. G.—Metropolitan organ is at present the largest, but when St. James is completed it will hold first place.

STEEL.—It would be impossible to say. Writing shows irresolution, gay and flippant disposition and a little insincerity.

CLEOPATRA.—At the last offi ial census taken in 1880 the population of Washington was 109,199, that of Baltimore 387,364.

CROW.—My dear Crow, you must not be so inquisitive. You are really dreadfully personal. Writing shows reserve, resolution, self-intuition and some ostentation.

QUEEN OF THE ISLES.—Do not bleach your hair. It is never pretty, and often the process does serious injury to hair or health. Writing also ex ercises disposition, hasty temper and indecision.

DAISY.—White leghorns will do very well, as well as fancy colored ones, but not so hardy. Hair still also obtains much favor. Indecision, sensitiveness, a little selfishness and generosity.

QUIZZTILLIUS.—Do you not thi k, considering what a noise ca m is generally are that, in the language of Mrs. Sam Jiner "there's plenty of 'em." Prudence, fondness for flattery and self-will.

J. H. R.—The date of the Hu ber disaster is January 2, 1884. Yes, if you have a taste for the business is a good one. Writing denotes fair decision, a little selfishness, self-esteem and variable temperament.

EDITOR KIDER.—Writing shows resolution, ambition, and good executive ability with a little vanity. Pale green, pure yellow, dark blue and cream will probably be becoming to you, while if you have color you may wear gray also.

ANNIE.—Ah, Nora, this "curiosity" of which you speak is a lamentable trait. Just see what you have brought upon yourself. You are doubtless vivacious, kind-hearted, a little flippant, an incorrigible little tease and just a wee bit vain.

CORTOS MENTIS.—1. Not necessarily, but the custom is to do so. 2. It is said glycerine will darken the skin, and it is a well-known fact that any to ic used on the face will cause a growth of hair. 3. Certainly not. 4. Generosity, candor and self esteem.

HUMBUG, Beaverton.—You cannot permanently remove freckles. Better leave them alone, my dear! tis Humbug. Spare yourself mortification and save your money. Your writing shows a great deal of decision, ambition, carelessness and originality.

MAY.—Mercury, Venus and Mars were visible on December 13, 1880 and August 1, 1881. Venus, Mars and Ura us on March 18, 1874. Unfortunately I could not find those visible on the other date you mention. Writing denotes irresolution, caprice and carelessness.

UR.—Use sulphur and molasses—a tablespoon each day for three days, discontinue for two and then begin again. Bathe regularly and take plenty of exercise in the open air. The English type is sometimes used. Writing shows indecision, carelessness and variable temperament.

JACK W.—I wish you were a relative, that I might talk to you as I feel—that being the unneglected prerogative of kinship. If you cannot be a'k to the dear girl right out of your heart, you can't be the possessor of one. You might read Tennyson to her. The majority of girls admire Tennyson.

ELEMENT LADY, Indianapolis.—Your handwriting is a fashion—three tablespoonfuls to a basin, will lighten it so the gray will not show so plainly, but too much borax tends to redden the hair beside. I am truly sorry for you, but, as a friend, advise, not knowing the circumstances. Writing shows energy, self-will, good intuition and some ostentation.

FAIRY.—Will you write and tell me if I read your character aright correctly. Rather expecting you will not forget I will correspond with the enclosed specimen and usually rouse my ire, particularly if they happen to be half a dozen letter clippings. No. 1. Vain, sympathetic, genial and selfwilled. 2 Cautious, generous and impulsive. 3. Careless, merry and unostentatious. 4. Sincere, jovial, free-hearted and brave.

SHINING LIGHT.—How very candid you are! Your writing shows sympathy, joviality, perseverance and an erratic disposition. How did it is lof you to ask me how to make yourself "attractive enough to gain at least one admirer." How can I tell? It may be that your manner is too abrupt to be pleasing, or you may not be entertaining. Try to help those about you to be happier, and if the admirers never come you may console yourself with the knowledge that you have not missed much.

FAUST.—I am glad to hear from you again. Regarding the wine, you are quite right, but do not deny yourself recreation or the society of those who will help you to be better. You will grow mostly if you do. Could you not get a tutor or join a class lessons with some private pupils who are preparing for some examination. Your strange position interests me, and I shall often wonder how you are progressing. Do adhere to your good resolutions, whatever may come. Your writing exhibits determination, cordiality, some self-esteem and self-will.

BEAUTY UNADORNED, Collingwood.—No, I do not believe in the theory that marriages are made in heaven. If it were so there is a deal of bungling to be attributed to a source where mistakes do not occur. Is there nothing on earth you can hold in reserve, and live for regret and hope for? try something else—cats for instance. They are much less trou ble and very affectionate. My candid opinion is, that unless you can enjoy life without the ideal he is a great big sandy desert, you are better a'k old maid. Whatever you do, do not worry over it—fi-ds ages one so quickly. Writing shows determination, vivacity and generosity.

Power of Humbug.

An individual who opened a small tavern near the field of Waterloo was frequently questioned as to whether he did or did not possess some relics of the battle, and he as invariably and honestly answered in the negative.

But he was very poor, and one day while lamenting to a neighbor not only his poverty, but the annoyance to which travelers subjected him, his friend cut him short with:

"Well, make one help the other; make some relics."

"But why can I do!" inquired the poor man.

"Tell them that Napoleon or Wellington entered the shop during the battle, and sat down in that chair."

Not long after, an English tourist entered the tavern, and, inquiring for relics, was told the chair story. The chair was shown, and an incredible price. The next comer was informed that Wellington had taken a drink, and the "Wellington" was produced, and sold cold. The third arrival gazed with breathless wonder at the nail on which Buonaparte had hung his hat; the fourth purchased the doorposts between which he had entered, and the fifth became the happy purchaser of the floor on which he had trodden.

At the last advices, the unfortunate tavern-keeper had not a roof to cover his head, and was sitting on a bag of gold in the center of a deep pit formed by selling the earth on which the house had stood.

Mistakes Will Happen

She—Miss Rodney always looks well for one who has so little to dress on.

He—Yes, she is rather thin.

No Mistake About It.

Professor of Mineralogy (at the examination)—Where are the most diamonds found?

Candidate—At the pawnbrokers'.

Beecham's Pills

St HELENS, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE

From the earliest days of medicinal science no antidote has achieved such a reputation as

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Their fame has reached the uttermost parts of the earth; their curative power is universally acknowledgd to a degree unprecedented in the annals of physical research; and in no school of medicine are they more valued for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, Indigestion with its dreaded allies, and for assisting Nature in her wondrous functions, they are

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

BEECHAM'S PILLS—the wonderful English Medicine—are a safe and speedy cure for Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Sick Headache, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc. Sold by all druggists in the United States at 25 cents a box, or will be mailed on receipt of price by B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 Canal Street, New York, sole agents for the United States. Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

In ordering mention this publication.

A Wife's Discovery.

"Come to me, Robert, if you ever loved me in the old days, when we were so happy together in the quiet home that I shall never see again! Ah, if I never left it—or you! You loved me best, after all; but, then, I did not believe it!

"And the child, Robert. He bears your name, and he has your eyes, your smile! For the sake of the child, at least, come to me, for I am dying, and I must leave him in your care. Your unhappy. ELOISE."

This was the note, written in a faint and faltering hand—a woman's hand, mind you!—the note that pretty little Mrs. Strong picked up off the carpet of her drawing-room, where it had been dropped by her husband, in his hasty passage toward the hall and front door.

She picked it up, carelessly enough, at first. She was an honorable little lady, and would never have dreamed of ransacking her husband's private papers, or desk, or diary, as so many women would not scruple to do, if the occasion offered. Even this letter would have been laid aside till her husband's return, unread, had it not chanced to open in her hand, as she lifted it from the floor.

Her eyes fell on the first line, and the red blood rushed instantly to her face. What woman was this who asked Robert Strong to come to her, by the love he had once borne her years before, in the happy home she had left forever with another?

Little Mrs. Strong had a long, hard battle with herself before she could make up her mind to read that note.

But she did read it, at last, and having "eaten of the apple," like her golden-haired ancestress in the garden of Eden, she instantly became as unhappy as she deserved to be.

She had been a governess in a family where Mr. Strong visited. Rich, influential, and still wondrously handsome, though he confessed to fifty-seven years of age, the stately bachelor, the great "catch" of the season passed by all fashionable belles of his acquaintance, and actually offered his hand, his heart and his fortune, for the acceptance of the little gray-eyed governess, whom he had seen now and then, at odd moments only, as she passed, with her pupils, up and down the grand staircase, or through the hall in his friend's house in —— street.

Of course she took him, and became Mrs. Robert Strong as soon as possible.

Yes, Mrs. Grundy was right there. Within a month of the millionaire's offer came his wedding-day; and then, after a short trip to Europe, the happy pair established themselves in a brown stone front, in the Empire City, under the full glare of Mrs. Grundy's sharp and stony eye.

But one thing Mrs. Grundy never knew, and would never have believed, had you told her till you were gray.

Of course the bridegroom was desperately in love with the pretty little bride. That, Mrs. Grundy was quite willing to allow.

But it also happened that the bride was even more desperately in love with the bridegroom, strange as it may seem. She was twenty, and he was fifty-seven; and every one would have it that she had married him only for his money and his luxurious home. In reality she thought him the handsomest, stateliest, and most agreeable man on earth. But the severely classic style of his really beautiful face; his stately form; his dignified manner; even the calm, firm glance of his deep blue eyes, frightened and awed her, she knew not why. She dared not show her love for him, even when she was his wife. And so he fancied, at times that Mrs. Grundy was in the right. That his money had purchased for him a graceful and lovely woman to sit at the head of his table, and to take his arm in all places of public amusement; a woman in whose care his honor was safe; but in whose heart he had no share.

It was a sad and terrible mistake, and but for the coming of this mysterious *billet doux*, it might have lasted during both their lives.

Mrs. Strong, hiding that tell-tale note away, sat rocking to and fro in her own easy-chair, crying as if her heart would break.

This woman, this wretched woman! Her husband had gone to her, was with her even then. How dared he leave his wife like that. And the child! What child? whose child?

Again the red blood dyed her lovely face. They had no child. Perhaps he might have loved her better—well, come what would, she would follow him now, and know the worst. "Mrs. Grundy," since their marriage, had often whispered tales to her husband's discredit, which she had refused to hear; now she would see and judge for herself.

Going up into her own room, she summoned her maid, and confided a part of the miserable story to her, not implicating her husband in any way; but inducing the girl to provide for her the disguise of a servant's dress, and to accompany her, in a cab, to the address named in the note.

Leaving the girl at the foot of the stairs, the unhappy little wife stole up one flight, and listened.

A tall, bony-looking woman came out of a room opposite, with her apron to her eyes. It was the landlady of the house, who had been bidding her dying lodger a last farewell, and who failed to see the intruder as she passed, weeping, to her own room.

The door of the sick room being left ajar, Mrs. Strong saw and heard without any difficulty.

On the bed lay a wasted yet beautiful woman, young and still attractive, but dying—dying fast. Beside the bed sat her husband, holding the sufferer in his arms, wiping the cold drops from her forehead with a gentle hand, and talking to her in a low tone.

"Eloise, be at rest, be at peace!" he was saying. "For our dead mother's sake I forgive you, even as she would have forgiven you if she had lived."

"You swore that you would not, Robert!" gasped the dying woman, with a look of pain.

"Hush, dear! Forget it, as I do. I was hard, and cold, and proud in those days, and I thought I could even see you as you are now without forgiving you. But, Eloise, since then I, too, have learned to love, and I know better how to pity you. The man you married was unworthy of you, but you loved him, and for years you have suffered for his sake. I honor you for it now, Eloise, as much as I loved you once. I only wish I had found you sooner. So much suffering, of body and of mind, might have been spared if you had only written to me before."

"I was proud, too, my brother," she said, faintly. "But, Robert, what has changed you so? You are gentle as a woman. I hardly know you now."

"I tell you that I, too, know what it is to love, Eloise," he said, sadly. "I have a dear young wife, whom I treasure like the apple of my eye. She does not love me yet; she feels only gratitude toward the man who rescued her from poverty. But, one day, I hope to win her heart. Eloise, if you live——"

"I shall not live. I shall never see your wife, Robert. But my boy——"

"She shall be a mother to him, dear. She will love the child, even if she cannot love me, and he will be a link——"

Touched to the heart with contrition, the little wife retraced her steps, summoned her servant, and drove toward home.

On the last moments of the dying she felt that she had no right to intrude.

But for the living—for the living who loved her—surely she might be taking thought and care.

Two hours later, Robert Strong opened the door of his own house with a latch key, and crossed the hall noiselessly towards his study. In his arms he bore a heavy-looking bundle. His face was pale, his manner anxious, and he looked round once or twice, as if dreading the presence of some unseen watcher, though the house was still and all the servants had gone to bed.

Turning up the gas in his study, he laid his bundle down on the sofa, and throwing back the heavy cloak, disclosed the pretty face of a sleeping child some three or four years old. He stood looking down upon the infant for some time, with a thoughtful air.

"What will she say!" he exclaimed at last, aloud.

And suddenly he became aware of the presence of his wife, who stood just within the study door, looking at him with a tearful, tender gaze, such as she had never dared bestow on him before.

"Say! Oh, Robert, what can she say except that she loves you, and wishes to do, in all things, exactly as you think," she murmured, coming nearer, with a look of timid love not to be mistaken even by his long-blinded eyes.

His pale, calm face flushed suddenly; his deep blue eyes grew bright and full of tenderness.

"My darling, do you mean what you say!" he asked, holding her a little away from him. "Think, I have long fancied that you could not and did not love me. I am so many years older than you."

"And so many years wiser, better, dearer," she whispered. "Oh, Robert, if you had been a poor day-laborer I would have married you all the same. I never loved any any else. I love you with all my heart and soul! Is that enough!"

He opened his arms. Blushing and smiling, she flung herself upon his breast, and this lips met in a kiss such as during all the months of their marriage they had never exchanged before.

"This child is the son of my only sister, who, after my mother's death, made a secret marriage that nearly broke my heart," he said, after a long pause. "Poor Eloise died, an hour ago, in my arms, forgiven and at rest. My darling, will you love the child for her sake, and for mine? I promised her that you would be a mother to the boy."

"I will be all that you ask, or wish," said the happy wife, kneeling beside her husband's chair, and laying her bright head upon his knee. "But now, I too have something for you to forgive."

And she told him the story of the strange letter; the story of her jealousy, and of its sudden and final cure. He heard her in silence, to the end, and then he raised her from the ground, and held her to his heart once more.

"You will go with me to see poor Eloise buried, my love," he said, with a gentle kiss.

And nestling quietly in his arms, with her white hand playing with his still softly curling hair, the young wife knew that she was forgiven, and that her husband's heart was all her own.

What's in a Name?

They say there is a girl in Clinton, North Carolina, bearing the name that follows: Sampson County Beauty Spot Nicholas Parker Forget Me Not Cilistia Johnson.

Then he clasped her with emotion,
Drew the maiden to his breast,
Whispered vows of true devotion,
The old, old tale,—you know the rest.
From his circled arms upspringing,
With a tear she turned away,
And her voice with sorrow ringing,
"I shall not see my bridal day."

This dramatic speech broke him up badly; but when she explained that her apprehensions were founded on the fact of an inherited predisposition to consumption in her family he calmed her fears, bought a bottle of Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for her, and she is now the incarnation of health. Consumption fastens its hold upon its victims while they are unconscious of its approach. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. But it must be taken before the disease is too far advanced in order to be effective. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure, **or money paid for it will be refunded.**

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

$500 OFFERED

for an incurable case of **Catarrh in the Head** by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. By druggists, 50 cents.

Sweets to the Sweet.

Fenwick—Allow me to congratulate you, Ed. That young lady of yours has the sweetest disposition in the world.

Ed—Well, I should hope so. It costs me a dollar a week to keep her in confectionery.

Fashionable Folding Beds
SOLID ANTIQUE OAK
Every householder is interested in this Common Sense Bed. Perfect ventilation, portable and easily, automatic. Prices—$14, $16 and $17
H. P. DAVIS & CO., Sole Manufacturers
207 Yonge Street
FACING ALBERT STREET

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE,"
SO WILL A DOLLAR INVESTED IN
MALTOPEPSYN
[an artificial gastric juice—formula on every label]
SAVE 99 DOLLARS

to any person suffering from stomach troubles, especially if taken at the first symptom of indigestion, which is usually weight at the stomach, sometimes attended by slight pain, and may follow either a wholesome or a heavy meal. At first, this feeling soon passes away, and is only remembered as a *little unpleasant*, which, when repeated, gradually becomes more pronounced. To the average person is now suggested the cathartic pill, bitters, or other liquid purgatives, that will clear out the bowels. Such treatment is worse than useless; it is positively harmful. The trouble is in the Stomach, the Bowels are not responsible, and relief will only come through an intelligent treatment of the disorder within the stomach. MALTOPEPSYN is the remedy for all stomach troubles. Endorsed by the best physicians of England and Canada. Send 2 cts. in postage for valuable pamphlet to HAZEN MORSE, INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE, ONTARIO.

FLORENCE KNITTING SILK

This is now much used for fringe and for tassels, as its "soft finish" renders it superior to other silk for this purpose. It will not unravel and becomes frayed in wear.

Those elegant costumes seen in the show rooms of our leading merchants are often beautifully "Feather stitched" by hand. Examination shows that the work is done with No. 300 Florence Knitting Silk, thus securing beauty, durability and economy. Every enterprising dealer sells it but if your dealer does not have it in stock, send the price (75c. per oun ce—36c. per ball) in postage stamps to

Corticelli Silk Co., St. Johns, Que.

and you will receive it by return post.

A Realistic View of a Battlefield.

This is how the battlefield of Tel-el-Kebir looked to a sergeant of the 79th Highlanders: The sights of the battlefield were gruesome, now one looked at them in cold blood. The artillery had wrought fearful havoc. I remember one heap of twenty four corpses, some blown absolutely into fragments, others headless, others with limbs lopped off. Some of the dead Egyptians were roasting slowly as they lay; their clothing had been ignited and was still smouldering. A man of the Rifles came along, drew his pipe from his pocket, and lit it at one of those bodies, remarking, somewhat brutally it struck me: "By ——, I never thought I should live to use a dead Egyptian for a light to my pipe!" In the outer trench our dead and wounded lay more thickly than those of the enemy; but in the inner trenches and on the spaces between, for one man of the enemy there were certainly ten Egyptians. In the redoubts the black gunners lay dead or wounded almost to a man; for they had been fastened to the guns and to each other by small chains attached to ankle-fetters, so as to leave them free to work the guns but hindering them from running away.

The Wise Old Mother.

A judge of much experience says: "I have never had a breach of promise case before me in which the mother of the girl did not know more about it than her daughter. She always suspects the fellow is a rascal, and accordingly gets ready for him."

He Wasn't For Sale.

A little boy of five went with his mother to make a call. The lady of the house, who was very fond of children, told him she intended to ask his mother to let her have him.

"Don't you think your mother would let me buy you?" she asked.

"No," he said, "you haven't got money enough."

"How much would it take?" she asked.

"Three hundred pounds," he answered promptly; "and you haven't got that much."

"I think I could manage it," she said. "If I can, will you come to me?"

"No," he said, with decision. "Mamma wouldn't sell me, anyhow. There are five of us, and mamma wouldn't like to break the set."

How They Change.

They were courting. "What makes the stars shine so dimly to-night?" she said softly.

"Your eyes are so much brighter!" he whispered, pressing her little hand.

They are married now.

"I wonder how many telegraph-poles it would take to reach from here to the stars?" she said, musingly.

"One, if it was long enough," he growled. "Why don't you talk common sense?"

Teacher—Can you tell what isle is noted for its great internal improvements?

Small boy (triumphantly)—Castorile.

THE KICKERS HAVE COME

KENNEDY'S

Kicker School Shoes for Children lead the world.

Try Them

5 to 7	$1.00
8 to 10	1.25
11 to 2	1.50

Spring or ordinary heel. Orders by mail solicited.

Reliable

I have four flats, 25 x 100, well stocked with Bedroom Suites, Dinnigroom Suites, Parlor Suites, Hall Racks, Tables, Book Cases, etc., etc.

I make any style of Furniture to order at your *own price*. In Upholstering I carry a large stock of Covering and Frames, and can supply anything.

Prices Low

FINE UPHOLSTERING AND FURNITURE
R. F. PIEPER
436 Yonge Street

Large Stock

Fancy Furniture imported from Germany, England, France, United States, etc., in great variety at lowest possible prices. It will be a pleasure to see them.

All my furniture is guaranteed by me. I have but *one price*—everything marked in plain figures. Cartage free of charge.

Showing no Trouble

Intending visitors to Europe will find the largest and best assorted stock of Stateroom Trunks and Cabin Bags that have been manufactured expressly for the present season at

H. E. CLARKE & CO.,
105 King St. West

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the stomach, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The Latest Novels

A SOCIETY SCANDAL.....By Rita
WITHOUT LOVE OR LICENSE..By Capt. Hawley Smart
A ROGUE'S LIFE.....By Wilkie Collins
AN OCEAN TRAGEDY.....By W. Clark Russell

35 CENTS EACH

Canadian Copyright Editions
AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPY
TORONTO

SMITH & SHARPE
DEALERS IN
Photographers' Materials
AND
Amateur Equipments, Etchings and Engravings

FRAMES MADE TO ORDER

159 Bay Street
MEDICAL BUILDING - TORONTO

THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.
GRAVEL ROOFING
For all kinds of Flat Roofs.
ASPHALT PAVING
For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.
Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.
51 YONGE STREET ARCADE, TORONTO

In Boston.

Sophomore—You've a very accommodating baby, Cousin Priscilla.
Mrs. B.—What is he doing now?
Sophomore—Correcting my Thesis in Philosophy.—*Life.*

The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. III] TORONTO, APRIL 19, 1890. [No. 21

Reportorial Experiences

Among the many phases of life and conduct which present themselves to the reporter for the modern journal, none is more individually interesting than the manner in which the profession is regarded by the public. Despite the fact that the newspaper is an institution of long standing and that its roots, so to speak, have taken hold in every town and cross-roads village, it is still largely enwrapped in a mist of mystery as far as the public is concerned. Only those who occupy official positions of importance, which of necessity bring them into almost daily contact with the representatives of the press, get to have an intelligent idea of the relations in which they stand, the one to the other. Outside of these the largest kind of misconception prevails. The prevailing tendency is to meet the advances of the reporter with either abject subserviency or high-blown insolence. This seems to be largely the result of a very general belief that the representatives of the press are possessed of supernatural powers which enable them to divine secrets and mysteries unintelligible to ordinary persons. They are regarded in much the same light as detectives. Again, many are possessed with the idea that reporters are possessed of an enormity of assurance against which taunts are feeble and insults are vain. The "cheek of a reporter" has almost become a bye-word. Although it is necessary for a newsgatherer to stand his ground in some cases where it left to himself he would prefer not to do so, and although some reporters are "cheeky," no greater mistake could be made than to imagine that these are characteristics inseparable from the calling. A few black sheep do not impart their color to the rest of the flock. As a matter of fact by far the greater majority of writers for the press are men of higher culture and more sensibility than those whose doings and sayings they record. The wide range of associations into which their work brings them may have the effect of making them somewhat indifferent to the claims of caste or class, and the facilities which it affords them for knowing the real characters of men may have a tendency to make them cynical, morose and careless. But to think, because of these things that, as a class, reporters are largely devoid of the ordinary feelings and sensibilities which are vouchsafed to the rest of humanity is a most egregious mistake.

The tendency of the press of the present day is decidedly aggressive. To satisfy the all-devouring necessities of the big dailies of our largest cities every walk of life has been invaded and every field of action is being gleaned by workers whose activity does not stop with the setting sun. The fierce light of publicity shines on both good and evil, wisdom and frivolity. It has often been questioned whether this fierce struggle for the collection of news does not lead men to resort to devices that are unworthy of a gentleman. It does, sometimes. But it does so only when the ungentlemanly instincts are inherent in the man. Reporters may not be paid salaries that are princely in this country, but the struggle for existence has not yet reduced them to that point where any journal can force them to sacrifice their honor for its sake. One of the best and most widely read newspapers on this continent, in discussing this question recently, said that it made it a point to see that its reportorial staff was composed of nothing but gentlemen and it never asked them to do anything that demanded the forfeit of that honorable title. And yet its news columns, for completeness and interest, are not surpassed by any paper in America.

It would not be difficult for any newspaper man, were he disposed, to multiply instances where the ungentlemanliness was entirely on the other side. An instance may be given to show how some people still regard reporters, and illustrating a kind of reception which they sometimes receive. In this city not long ago a fashionable wedding was taking place, and a reporter from one of the daily papers was detailed to write an account of it. He arrived at the church a short time before the ceremony, and, looking for information, he was sent to the vestry where some of the groomsmen were assembled. Approaching one he politely stated his errand. The man whom he addressed merely stared at him a moment, then turned his back and said, "Go away. I do not want to have anything to do with you." The reporter smothered his wrath and departed without a word. It is not claimed that reporters are any better than they should be, but when they go about their business like gentlemen they should be treated as such. At present the preponderance of discourtesy and rudeness is not on their side and while such men as the one mentioned above exist short lectures on how to treat pressmen are not out of place.

All lines of the human face, I think, have something touching or grand, unless they seem to come from low passions.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the best work of the world is done by people of great opportunities and great strength. It is unquestionably an advantage to have both these things, but neither of them is a necessity to the man who has the spirit and the pluck to achieve great results. Some of the greatest work of our time has been done by men of physical feebleness.

Music

After the intense excitement and great artistic success of the unrivalled Emma Abbott Opera Company, we have had a lull in musical events this week which has enabled us to regain our consciousness of things terrestrial, and to cast an eye on the doings in our art in our own city. There being nothing to chronicle in the way of concerts in the immediate past, we may consider the future for a few moments. On Monday we shall have a rare treat in the short visit of the Juch Opera Company. The public wildly ran to hear the Abbott show, and to look at Emma's millinery, and I hope that legitimate operatic enterprise, based on musical excellence, and not so extravagantly heralded, will meet with similar pecuniary reward. Miss Juch is a charming singer and a charming woman, and has brought together a company of well-known people who are all very favorably ranked. She has a large chorus and an excellent orchestra under Adolf Neuendorff, a capable musician, and some exceedingly enjoyable performances may be expected. Miss Juch appears on Monday evening in Faust and on Wednesday evening in Carmen, the company playing William Tell on Tuesday evening and Der Freischuetz at the Wednesday matinee. Young Blatchford Kavanagh, the celebrated young boy soprano of Chicago, will sing at the Metropolitan Church on Wednesday and Thursday of next week. This young lad has achieved quite a reputation in the States and is spoken of as a wonder.

The Toronto Vocal Society has changed its date to next Thursday, when it will give its second concert of this season. A fine selection of the music adapted to its class has been prepared and the committee has spared no pains to present an acceptable concert. The Philharmonic Society has placed its dates for Monday and Tuesday, May 19 and 20, for its public rehearsal and concert respectively. The officers of the Royal Grenadiers are preparing a fine programme for their annual entertainment on May 13 and 14. Turn Him Out, a sparkling comedy, is being rehearsed, and will be followed by Gilbert and Sullivan's Trial by Jury, with Mrs. Cecil Gibson and Messrs. A. B. Cameron, Douglas Armour, J. F. Thomson, J. A. Macdonald and Cecil Gibson in the cast, the whole performance to close with a musical and military spectacular scene, arranged by Mr. E. W. Schuch, entitled A Night in Camp.

Two weeks ago there was a letter in these columns signed "Apollo," voicing the wishes of the more earnest and ambitious instrumentalists in the city in regard to the establishment of a professional orchestra. There can be no doubt as to the desirability of such an organization, and in speaking in favor of such an enterprise, I do not in any degree wish to detract from the appreciation of the excellent work done by Mr. Torrington and his band. The time has come when Toronto should be able to support, in the various ways accessible to such bodies, an orchestra composed of the better class of professional musicians and of such men only. When I use the word "support," I mean, however, that this acknowledgment on the part of the public must first be earned by the performers themselves. In every business that is launched into life, a certain amount of capital or its value in time is expended before the wares can be offered for sale, and this investment is of course made by the parties most interested—by those who hope to reap the ultimate gain.

*

This being the case then in every business under the sun, why should the rule not apply in the case of a permanent orchestra? I know that in other cities large sums have been subscribed in the way of guarantees, subsidies, or the like, and excellent concerts have been given to the delight of everybody who heard them, and that many will say that the same course should be followed here. The answer to that suggestion is that it has been done here to a limited extent, but not sufficiently to secure good results, and in the present state of the general public interest in orchestral music here great pecuniary aid cannot be at once expected. Besides this, our wealthy people have not yet made it a general rule to spend their money on artistic objects in such a way as to benefit the public at large. They rather spend—when they spend money on art at all—their money on the beautification of their very own private surroundings.

*

As this horn of the dilemma cannot be changed, let us see what might be done with the other prong. Obviously those who will derive the greatest ultimate material benefit from the establishment of a permanent orchestra, are the performers themselves. They will obtain good practice, a little more income, a musical atmosphere and higher aims. Unfortunately, as a rule, musicians are apt to attach but secondary importance to any of these advantages except the increase of income. In the past they have always shown themselves too ready to exact their pound of flesh, and too unready to give the full equivalent in return. It is not too much to say that in the last ten years there has not been one complete—that is, absolutely fully attended—orchestral rehearsal held in this city. The musicians are to blame for this and, while they show this disposition, can never expect any one to take up their cause with enthusiasm or sympathy. As the greatest benefit will ultimately accrue to them, *they* are the ones who should make the sacrifices to establish their wishes. That once done, and worthy results shown as a consequence, they will have no need to complain of lack of appreciation.

*

Let them consider their time and their skill as their capital for this venture and the problem is solved with a practical and common sense solution. Suppose a series of four concerts is instituted for next season on such a basis as this: An orchestra of thirty good men whose services are valued according to proficiency and the style of instrument played, just as they are now when paid for in the ordinary way. The men give eight rehearsals for each concert, and for rehearsals and concert are credited with their fee, subject to fine for absence from rehearsal. The conductor's services are valued in the same way, and he is credited with his fee as the men are. A business manager is selected, who shall perform his services, and receive credit for them in the same manner. Then the concerts are given—with an actual expense for the following items only: Fees of soloists (outside the orchestra), rent of concert and practice rooms, music, advertising and printing. At the end of the season a balance is struck, and the surplus, large or small, is divided amongst all interested in proportion to the amount at their credit.

*

By such a plan as this all have a like interest in the success of the scheme, and each man's emolument depends upon his own promptitude, regularity and efficiency as well as upon the general excellence. The men will feel that they are building up their own commonwealth, not the interest of a moneyed impresario, and all their tendencies will be conservative, as well as ambitious yet peaceful. Excellence will result from enthusiastic and regular practice, and the public will not withhold its countenance or its money. It always respects those who help themselves, and such an organization will find itself no exception to the rule. The very manhood that assumes the risk of paying for its own work itself, instead of crying out for others to pay for it, will command both respect and success. How think ye, gentlemen? Is there too much of Bellamy's Looking Backward in this Toronto Public Orchestra?

*

The song which yielded Sig. Edward Rubini such a handsome royalty from its English publishers, On the River, has been published by Messrs. Nordheimer. It has a really rare combination of musical excellence and popular melodiousness.

*

A young lady, recently a pupil of Mr. Harry M. Field, went to Brussels to finish her education. On taking piano lessons from M. Van Dam, one of the principal piano teachers at the Conservatoire in that city, he was so pleased with the excellent method she had received, that he sent Mr. Field several pieces of his own composition as a professional and fraternal compliment. METRONOME.

The Drama.

Mr. William Haworth's play, Fernciff, which was played at the Academy of Music last week, is not a play of the first class. It is, however, a superior specimen of the so-called popular plays, which are at present probably the most profitable form of the drama that is placed on the boards. In the first place the author of Fernciff knew on which side his bread was buttered when he made it a play of the American civil war. It will be many a long day yet before the people of the United States become indifferent to the reminiscences of the strife, which more than all else invested them with nationality. A war play, if made inoffensive to both those who fought, or whose fathers fought, on the sides of the north or the south, as Fernciff is, cannot fail to attract the American people. In the second place the author has kept his work fairly well within the bounds of possibility, although in a few instances the action piles up too quickly and dramatic effect has been obtained by the sacrifice of truth. Yet he has made of it a play which cannot fail to be popular, and which will easily bear being seen more than once. The story is that of a young married man—Tom Hewins—who, though very willing to enlist, was prevented from doing so by his father and his wife. The villain, who was a former lover of Tom's wife and has not got over it, by some means succeeds in having Tom drafted, which means that he has to go to the war or send a substitute. This substitute is easily found in Tom's brother Jim. After a time Jim returns home for a short visit, but does not see Tom, who is away. The villain sees him, and after he has gone, tells Tom that Jim had deserted. Tom believes him, for he poses as a friend of the family, and feels called upon to go to the war and fill his brother's place. After Tom goes, the family get into financial difficulties, the villain is kind, and finally news comes of the death of Tom. The villain presses his suit with Tom's supposed widow. She finally consents to marry him, but on the evening the marriage is to take place both Tom and Jim return, villainy is exposed and all is well. The character of Dad Hewins, Tom's father, is well drawn and strong. It was well presented by Mr. John Woodward. The author, Mr. William Haworth, played the part of Tom Hewins, and Mr. Thomas McGrath that of Jim. Interlaced with the foregoing plot is some light comedy business which was well acted by Mr. John B. Maher and Miss Rebecca Warren.

The Still Alarm, which occupies the boards at the Grand this week, is a good example of the invasion of the drama by realism. Just as plays have been built around a tank of real water, around trained horses or dogs, so has The Still Alarm been constructed around a steam fire engine. As Du Maurier's famous æsthetic couple looked at their cup and saucer and said, "Let us live up to it," the authors of The Still Alarm looked at the $7,000 steam fire engine and said, "Let us build a play around it," and they did. That it contains the elements of popular success goes without saying. In the two great centers of London and New York it has had long and profitable seasons, and yet for dramatic worth it is unequal to Fernciff. Its story is briefly as follows: Jack Manley is a clerk in the employ of Mr. Franklin Fordham and is engaged to be married to Elinore, Fordham's daughter. At this juncture appears on the scene Mr. John Bird, alias Gorman, who was formerly Fordham's partner in the drug business. Mr. Bird is, naturally, a villain. He holds in his possession a letter of Fordham's which makes it appear much as if Fordham had at one time helped a man out of the world with a dose of poison. Bird is really the guilty man, yet so great is Fordham's fear of this letter that he consents to Bird's terms. Bird's terms are that Elinore shall marry him and that Jack Manley shall be dismissed summarily. Elinore is informed of her father's position and dismisses her lover without giving him any reason for doing so. After a time Jack Manley gets a position in the fire department. Doc Wilbur, a very dissipated old wretch but a friend of Jack, had at one time been an associate of Bird's in abducting another of Fordham's children. With this secret he tries to extort money from Bird. In a stormy interview Wilbur accidentally gets hold of the letter which Bird held over Fordham. He sends it by a messenger to the fire hall addressed to Jack Manley. Bird discovers the loss, finds where it has been sent and after tying Wilbur in a room, he starts to intercept the messenger. He gets to the hall first and being alone when the boy arrived he takes the letter, saying he is Jack Manley. While being shown the mechanism of the alarm it occurred to him that it would be a good scheme to cut the wires, then go back and set fire to Fordham's house and burn Doc Wilbur. Being left alone for a moment he carries out his idea. A still alarm is sent in by telephone, however, and then occurs the scene for which the play is built, the departure of the fire laddies. This is the climax of the play. The last act merely straightens out the tangle and disposes of the villain as he deserves. To follow the sudden transitions of the play and the "breaks" made by the different characters is quite a strain on a person's credulity, but so long as the fire scene is seen in the distance one can stand a good deal to get there. After that it rapidly "petters." Mr. Harry Lacy is quite at home as Jack Manley, and gets some very good touches into his work. The other leading parts are very well taken.

The Cawthorns, Herbert and Joe, have been playing to good business at the Academy of Music all week in their well known musical comedy, Little Nugget. The piece is farcical in the extreme. No pretensions are made to do anything else than keep up a storm of laughter and this the Cawthorns are quite capable of doing. Miss Jennie Goldthwaite is sprightly and taking as Little Nugget.

*

Manager Greene of the Academy takes his benefit on Monday evening, April 28. Louis James in Othello will be the attraction.

At Jacobs & Sparrow's this week Uncle Tom's Cabin has reared its humble and weather beaten form to the public once more and has drawn people to see it almost as well as it did fifteen or twenty years ago. The company playing it is fairly good and contains the familiar names of Harry and Carrie Webber. Uncle Tom is played by Harry Mitchell.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Robert Mantell has a new play for next season called Montrose.

George Edwardes of the London Gaiety Theater has engaged Nat Goodwin for a summer season.

Mrs. Burnett's new play, entitled Nixie, was brought out at Terry's Theater, London, last week and was reported to be a success.

An advance agent who shall be nameless was heard to remark last week that he knew three of the biggest liars in the world; he was one himself, he said, and Blank, of the Stumbling Block company, was the other two.

London threatens to eclipse both Hofmann and Hegner as piano soloists with a baby in long clothes, who is alleged to play Beethoven sonatas very artistically. An anxious world is now only waiting for a Shylock in swaddling clothes.

Watts, the English painter, was Ellen Terry's first husband. He was divorced from her because, according to her account, she did not love him. He asked her once to wear the costume of some one of her theatrical *roles* on the occasion of a dinner with his family, and she scandalized the good people by ignoring her later creations and reverting to the days of her courtship, when she was a pantomime fairy, wearing tights and trunks.

A new play by Steele Mackaye was brought out in New York last week. It is an old play of his entitled Through the Dark done over and has been rechristened Money Mad. Nym Crystals says of it: "The man who could write Hazel Kirke and Paul Kauvar should not have written Money Mad. In no true dramatic sense is Money Mad a pure, an edifying or a beautiful drama. It is egregiously, theatrically effective at the expense of nature and life and that is all that can be said of it."

The *Mirror* says: "We have had a real cow, milked in the presence of the audience; a real fire-engine and a real washing of sheep, not to speak of real oxen, real chickens, real dogs, real hayseed and real burglars. Why does not some enterprising dramatist, aided and abetted by some progressive manager who knows what's what (also what isn't), show us an abattoir in full operation? Real pigs with real squeals, thrust into a porcidal apparatus and coming forth in neat shape, ready for market, would be a refreshing and stimulating novelty on the boards. The playwrights and producers must continue to look alive. The great realistic theatrical public will not be satisfied until they have had the privilege of paying $1.50 a head to see in theater every blessed every-day thing that they can see outside of it for nothing."

A few days ago a New York daily published an interview with Madame Patti which was widely copied, in which she was represented as having said some very mean things of Mrs. Kendal. She was alleged to have asserted that Mrs. Kendal made a trademark of her personal goodness and that she was in the habit of saying ill-natured things of her sister actresses. Mrs. Kendal, when the article was shown her, wrote a letter stating that she would not believe Patti had spoken in such a manner of her. "Patti is beautiful, rich and the finest singer in the world," she said, "and certainly has no cause for professional jealousy." Thereupon Patti was interviewed in regard to the matter and she denied that she had ever made any such remarks about Mrs. Kendal. She said further that she was disgusted with the reporters and would hereafter deny herself to the press. Thus does the mendacious reporter cause wars and rumors of wars.

Married into a Mean Family.

Friend (to dentist)—How are you coming on? Dentist—Not as well as I expected. I've been married now three weeks, and not one of my wife's relatives has been to me to have a tooth pulled.—*Texas Siftings.*

Nip and Tuck.

For Saturday Night.

We is lovers, my bruvver'n me, 'bout five years old I fink,
We hasn't many fines to do 'cept it's to eat an' dink;
Course we is busy a good 'eal, a playin' ev'ry day,
But nen we hasn't work to do—'at's what I mean to say.
When we wus little bits of fings no bigger 'an our cat,
Our bruvver named us Nip an' Tuck, an' folkses call us 'at;
But nen, you know, 'at Nip an' Tuck ain't not our reely name,
We's got anuvver, but I fink we likes this dus the same.

This here is Tuck, an' I is Nip, an' I'd dus like to see
You tell us, wif we wus apart, which one wus Tuck or me;
They say I's got more cheek 'an him—I don't fink so, do you?
Fur Jack talks 'bout "two uv a kind," an' "holy terrors," too;
An' Jack knows ev'rything at all—far more 'an all the rest,
He brings us candy, an' pop-corn, an' fings what we like best;
We's go'n to wear, when we's big men, swaller tails on our back,
An' nen, too, have some whiskeres, an' smoke a pipe—like Jack.

We goes to Sun'ay school an' church, when 'tisn't in the night,—
Jack says he'll need a heap of it afore we come out right;
We like to look at sister's plants, an' so we often go
Into her room, an' pul a'em out, to see the way they grow,
An' nen she calls us names an' fings, an' pulls us by the ear,
An' says she'll put us in the hall an' keep us there a year,—
We don't like goin' in the hall, 'cause it's so dark in there,
An' a big Boo might ketch us bofe, an' whisk u in the air.

Sometimes on the piano, too, we play an' sing a song,—
Jack says it isn't very sweet, but 'at it's awful strong,
He says our singin' killed old Grip—his wus our dog, you know;
I guess he's only foolin', though, an' 'at it isn't so.

Last summer we had lots of fun, a playin' roun' our place,
We uses mud pies an' fings, an' sometimes try a race,
We chased the calves an' ducks an' hens about, most ev'ry day,
An' nen we shut 'em up at night fur fear they'd git away.

Onc't we wus chasin' roun' a duck, to ketch an' give a ride
In our nice little wagon, when it got so sick it died,
'At duck wus sick afore, I know we didn't hurt it, now!
An' I don't see why ennuna bad to get 'at raise a row,—
When we wus a berryin' it she come along an' sed,
"You good-for-nuffin' little scamps," an' flicked us on the head;
We couldn't say a fing at all, she looked so awful black,
She sed wif we done 'at agen, she'd switch us on the back;

I tell you what but we wus scairt, we wusn't fit to speak,
We dus runned off, an' never looke t at gramma fur a week;
I don't fink it was fair fur her to give us sich a slap,—
We like to ketch ducks by the tail to see the way they flap;
An' nen it don't hurt 'em a bit to flap their wings about,
An' 'tisn't so, when folkses say we pull the fevvers out.

Onc't in this field we found a nest wif free wee birds in it,
They wus a'most all mout an' squauk, an' couldn't see a bit;
We dus peeked at th' weesie fings, an' didn't make a fuss,
Nen runned away, for we wus 'frald their ma'd take after us.
But now we'd better "mosey off"—'at's what Jack uses say,—
An' wif you like we'll tell you 'bout the rest some uvver day.

W.

Our Bill Blevins.

For Saturday Night.

Yep, th' that's Blevin's place,
Way up thar on the hill.
He lived thar yestyday,
An' I guess he's thar still.
Wall, you bet yer sweet life he are toney—
That's nuthin too good fur our Bill!

Borned a few years ago,
Over thar by the crik,
In a leetle log dive,
Whar a shoat wuddent stick,
His pap and his marm squatter peeple,
But that thar young Billum wur slick.

Ole Blevins—no good,
The ole gal bout the same,
Know'd jest bout enuff
To cum outer the rain,
Pervidin' 'twas a-rainin' real hevvy.
As fur farmin'—they knowed it by name.

Thet Bill all they had,
An' a mighty good job
Fur the ones that held off,
If they'd had a bull gob
Of kids like the ornary species,
They'd hev bust the ole man's lazy nob.

Ole Blevins just lived
To a loose-jinted rule,
An' young Bi l nairy wurkt,
But kept mighty skool,
An' the ol couple jest let him sliver
A-helpin' to make him a fool.

Cradle wheat? Nairy time.
Shuck a corn? Nairy shuck.
Why he cuddent chop straight,
Cep his feet wur in luck.
Turn a land? Yep, I see him a turnin'
That didn't know hard-pan from muck.

But he hung to thet skool
Till it larnt him no more;
Then his old pap he sez,
An' he wurkt in a store,
An' he'd set up o' nights fur to figger,
Till I reckon the figgers were sore.

He'd a crank in his hed,
An' she slipt now an' then,
But he nailed her at last,
An' jest paralized men
With some kind o' dog gone contrivance
Fur the savin' of wurk fur a hen.

Twur a hatchin' machine,
And it turned pullets an' chicks
Till the hens wur all mad,
Then he started on kicks
An' invented some mud-chewin' fixin's
That they use when thur wantin' to mix.

They wur good, an' they paid
Every time they'd a sale,
But the tradin' was slow,
An' he figgered a nail
Thet ud hold pah an' bones to a hoss-shoe
An' 'twarnted never to fail.

But the boss of 'em all
Was a top with a crack
Thet ud wheel a jig
Till she got runnin' slack,
Then she'd just switch off onto Ole Hundred
Till she sprawled over onto her back.

They spun out them tops
Fur $10,000 a day,
An' they had ut in drops
In Bill's urtiches they say,
An' thet bennin' machine an' them others
Put $6,000 a year in his way.

He's quit, so he sed,
When he come back last fall
Fur to snaze the ole folks
Right up thar, goods an' all,
Fur Bill 'lows it wur time they wur restin
In a decenter kind of a stall.

Gosh-a-mity! Yep, a beta,
An' I'll lay thet some time
He'll invent a machine
Fur to stop a kid cryin',
Ur to monkey a clock bout eleven
An' make her plan half arter nine.

He's our ticket next year,
Fur we've quit calin' fool,
'Cep ur talk to ourselves,
An' I reckon thet you'll
Never see smarter amateur hustlin'
Than our kids make a-gettin' fur skool.

ED. W. SANDYS.

Noted People.

The air in one of the Mikado's palace in Japan is kept in circulation by electric fans.

Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas*, uses a phonograph constantly in her literary work

Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, is about to visit Palestine. She will write an account of her travels, which will be published in the autumn

Miss Olive Schreiner has completed a volume of allegories entitled Dreams. One or two of these have appeared in magazines; the others are new.

There are three *chefs* in the Royal kitchen at Athens: A Danish expert for King George, a Russian artist for Queen Olga, and a Parisian for the guests.

Sir Edward Baines, proprietor of the Leeds *Mercury*, who died recently at the age of ninety, is said to have been the oldest journalist in Europe.

The Shah of Persia has betrothed to his youngest daughter the little favorite whose appearance excited great interest during the monarch's last visit to Europe.

M. Luigi Palmieri, director of the observatory of Vesuvius, believes that the most trustworthy method of predicting weather will be founded on observations of atmospheric electricity.

A curious searcher in old newspaper files has discovered that Lord Salisbury in 1852, when as yet only Lord Robert Cecil, roughed it on the Colonial gold fields. He is the only British Prime Minister who has ever been in Australia.

Charles Stewart Parnell will soon come to America lecturing for dollars. He is tall, slender, and courteous, and has the air of confirmed ill-health. In manner he is the most imperturbable man in the British Parliament.

Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, the elder, spends but one thousand dollars a year on dress; Miss Nellie Gould but twenty-five hundred. Mrs. William Astor expends about ten thousand yearly, and the younger generation of Vanderbilt women even more.

Bismarck has three children, of whom he is passionately fond, but his greatest affection is extended to his sister Malvine. He calls her jestingly, "My angel," "My adored one," "My dear little one," etc. The old people where she still lives say, "He treats her like a future wife."

Stepniak, who contemplates an American visit, has for his real name Kascheffsky, but naturally he hesitates bringing a name like that into the free country of Jones, Brown, *et al.* He is a good speaker. Few know his haunts in London, for his intimates are the refugees of the Russian colony.

Bismarck, ever since his university days, has been known as a chain smoker *(kettenraucher)*, that is, a smoker who connects his breakfast and his dinner with an endless chain of cigars, each lighted from the stump of the last one. Gambetta once said of him: "Happy man! Beer and smoke agree with him."

The score of Tannhæuser, written with Wagner's own hand and signed with his name, was discovered in the cellar of the theater at Zurich, Switzerland, when the ruins were searched after the fire which destroyed it. Only a few sheets are wanting and the margins alone are burned, the notes being clear and distinct.

It is said that Robert Browning wrote the Pied Piper (which, with How they Brought the Good News, is perhaps the best known and best liked of his poems) simply to amuse a little lad of whom he was fond, and that he did not think of publishing it till the children's delight in it persuaded him that he had done a good thing.

Sarah M. Freeborn, a native of New York State, is pursuing her chosen vocation, that of sculptor, in Florence. She declares that she wanted neither money nor fame, but was obliged to work for money and even to advertise in order to be successful. "I want my work to be moral and good, to rest people and soothe them with its beauty," she says.

Mrs. Kennan is a great help to George Kennan in his work for the oppressed people of Russia. She receives manuscripts, reads proofs, translates Russian works, goes over the receipts from his work, and sees to their investment or deposit. Mrs. Kennan is described as a thorough business woman, of considerable business tact, and much personal attractiveness.

The Czar and Czarina recently visited the military prison in St. Petersburg. The beautiful Dagmar, like her sister, the Princess of Wales, has a kindly grace of manner that wins confidence. She inquired of each prisoner the reason of his punishment, and as the happy result of this personal visitation, the Czar ordered the release of sixty prisoners, and a reduction of sentence in the cases of sixty more.

In March, at one time, Queen Victoria was in the south of France, the heir apparent in Germany, and the Prime Minister in the Riviera, a condition of things never before known in England since parliamentary government began. But, doubtless to the amazement of the Sir Leicester Dedlocks, the sun continued not to set upon the British dominions, stocks remained firm, and trade suffered no conscious bereavement.

The statement that Mrs. William Waldorf Astor owns the handsomest black pearls in this country, and for a year or two was not informed of that fact, because she had not taken the trouble to examine the family jewel-box, is enough to prompt a chorus of exclamations from all the women in the country. As a matter of fact, when Mrs. John Jacob Astor died two or three years ago, she left a very handsome string of white pearls by will to her lovely daughter-in-law, but the family jewels were taken by the son and placed in a safe-deposit vault. Mrs. Willie Astor probably knew nothing about them except in a very general way, and her husband said nothing, because the Astor ideas with regard to the length and the depth of family mourning are very pronounced. Mrs. Willie Astor was given the family jewels, doubtless, when her husband's mother had been dead two years. Two years is the time that she and her husband will remain in mourning for the late John Jacob Astor, and during that time she will be absolutely retired from society.

Life at Rideau Hall.

By right of position the wife of the Governor-General of Canada is the first lady in the land.

Lady Stanley of Preston, wife of the present Governor, was Miss Constance Villiers, eldest daughter of George, the fourth Earl of Clarendon. In 1864 she married Baron Frederick Arthur Stanley, who was raised to the peerage in 1885 and in 1888 was appointed Governor of

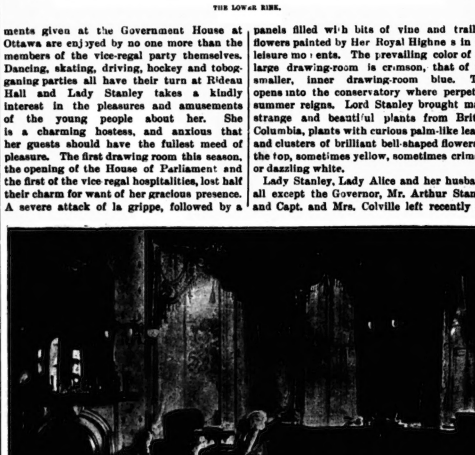
LADY STANLEY OF PRESTON.

Canada. Lord Stanley will some day be Earl of Derby.

Lady Stanley is tall and *distingue* looking with a kindly, benevolent face. She is the devoted mother of eight living children, one daughter and seven sons, the eldest of whom about a year ago married the Lady Alice Montague, youngest daughter of the Duke of Manchester, who died a few weeks ago.

There is a pleasant air of wholesome, hearty enjoyment about all the members of Her Excellency's family. The numerous entertainments given at the Government House at Ottawa are enjoyed by no one more than the members of the vice-regal party themselves. Dancing, skating, driving, hockey and tobogganing parties all have their turn at Rideau Hall and Lady Stanley takes a kindly interest in the pleasures and amusements of the young people about her. She is a charming hostess, and anxious that her guests should have the fullest meed of pleasure. The first drawing room this season, the opening of the House of Parliament and the first of the vice regal hospitalities, lost half their charm for want of her gracious presence. A severe attack of la grippe, followed by a serious relapse, prevented her leaving the house.

THE LOWER RINK.



A VIEW OF THE DRAWING ROOM.

With the opening of Parliament the gay season in Ottawa begins. During the months of January, February and March, cards of invitation are issued for a series of Saturday afternoon At Homes, as on this day the members and senators are off duty and are at liberty to amuse themselves. These At Homes are delightful reunions, where all the smartest people—as our English cousins say—meet. Skating, tobogganing and dancing are indulged in from three to six. As the guests arrive they proceed to the wooden building erected at the entrance to the upper skating rink. In the large lower room, looking out on the rink, Lord and Lady Stanley receive, and guests are announced, as in a drawing-room. Etiquette requires that the Governor General should be greeted first, and then Lady Stanley. The reason is obvious, as he represents the Queen.

There are two rinks at Rideau, and three or four toboggan slides. The lower and smaller rink is the prettier of the two, being surrounded by evergreens and lofty trees, like a lovely little frozen lake. The rink-house is a log cabin, altogether a picturesque spot. In the upper room of the larger rink-house tea, coffee, mulled claret, brown and white bread and butter are served. About half-past four the Governor and his guests adjourn to the Rideau Hall ball-room and dancing lasts till about six o'clock. When balls are given the Racquet Court is used for a supper room. From the floor spring gasoliers on long slender stems with clusters of lights at the top, the walls are gay with red and white bunting; across one side is placed a long table groaning with every imaginable delicacy, seasonable and unseasonable, and the air is fragrant with rare hot-house plants. The *menu* is entirely in French, so if the "polite tongue" is unknown the unfortunate, hungry one must throw himself on some one's mercy or starvation stares him in the face. However, most society people are supposed to know enough French to read a *menu*.

The Hall outside reminds the spectator of nothing so much as a museum. It is square-looking and bare, with large windows which do not enhance its beauty, but the surrounding scenery and grounds are lovely. Hockey, played on the ice, is the favorite pastime of the vice-regal party, who have become adepts at the game.

When the time for recall comes Lady Stanley will leave a monument behind her, a proof of her interest in good works, in the Lady Stanley Training School for Nurses. Her Excellency is always interested in any charitable scheme, but her position as wife of the Governor-General debars her from showing partiality towards strictly denominational or sectarian undertakings whatever her private feelings may be.

The drawing rooms of Government House still bear witness to the artistic taste of the Princess Louise, as many of the doors have panels filled with bits of vine and trailing flowers painted by Her Royal Highness in her leisure moments. The prevailing color of the large drawing-room is crimson, that of the smaller, inner drawing-room blue. This opens into the conservatory where perpetual summer reigns. Lord Stanley brought many strange and beautiful plants from British Columbia, plants with curious palm-like leaves and clusters of brilliant bell-shaped flowers at the top, sometimes yellow, sometimes crimson or dazzling white.

Lady Stanley, Lady Alice and her husband, all except the Governor, Mr. Arthur Stanley and Capt. and Mrs. Colville left recently for England.

They all throughly enjoy the winter sports, and are expert dancers and skaters. There is no haughtiness or stiffness about either Their Excellencies or their family; a bright tone of *bonhomie* is characteristic of them all. During the summer they take frequent trips down the St. Lawrence for the sake of the fishing, and beside the Citadel at Quebec they possess a summer residence at Tadousac.

In May the Duke of Connaught is expected to return to Canada with Lady Stanley. He is to be entertained at Rideau Hall, and the festivities will be unlimited.

HELEN E. GREGORY, Mus. Bac., B.A.

The World From My Window.

Being for many years an invalid, it has become a habit with me to obtain much of my knowledge of the outside world from my window. From this follows, you would say, that my view of the world is sadly limited and monotonous and that the few figures which flit across the stage are dreamlike and vanish quickly, leaving behind them vague and often incorrect impressions. To this I would answer with a sign, it may be true, but before turning away from the dream-stage and its ghostly pantomime, come, look with me at the scene from my private box where the curtains are always drawn.

My window is in the third story and although it is a climb, the situation is of the best, I assure you, and the distance above the street one of its chief attractions. In the first place, we are above the telegraph wires which stretch from side to side of the roadway and though when a sharp, frosty morning follows a wet night, they glitter finely in the sun and at all times afford a playground for the sparrows, still I think they give a desolate look to the scene if permanently stretched across the stage.

Let me then introduce you to my friends the birds, some of whom may be always seen. I need hardly mention the sparrows who act the part of chorus, whether it be tragedy or comedy that is upon the stage. My window is shaded by an ancient elm tree. I like to think that in its youth the forest was green around it, then with envy, perhaps, it looked up to the lordly trees that spread their branches far above its head. Time, with crumbling fingers, and the keen destruction of the axe, have spirited away all the others, my elm tree stands alone.

A couple of chestnuts, young growing things of a later date, are not far away, while across the street is a mountain ash or rowan tree. These are the fields and forests where my birds disport themselves.

On the north side from my window is a tall, lonely house, vast and ugly, which has never been inhabited. Gradually it is falling into gloomy disrepair, and in a few years more, I doubt not, some enterprising family of ghosts will take possession of this house without a history. The floors, that have never echoed to passing footsteps, will give forth no sound when these shadowy feet flit over them. A flock of doves, however, won by the silence of the place, have made their home in the eaves and often I am wakened with a start in the early morning by the mourning of my gentle neighbors.

Last Sunday I noticed some commotion among the birds over the way, and upon looking more closely, observed in the rowan tree two grosbeaks, visitors of distinction. They were busy feasting on the rowan berries, having silenced any little resentment which the sparrows at first displayed. Delighted with these bold pirates, I looked long from my window enjoying with them the flavor of the banquet and feasting my eyes on their beautiful plumage.

Thus you see seldom a day passes without some thrill of interest in the feathered world, and the actors play on undisturbed by the quiet spectator, looking out from my window.

MARJORY.

'Varsity Chat.

Baseball matters this year are in the hands of a committee who have announced that candidates for positions on the team must present themselves forthwith. The final selection will be made from a chosen fifteen. Practice has already begun.

•

Professor Ashley delivered his last lecture in Political Philosophy on Monday. Prof. Alexander has about finished also, but has consented to meet the wishes of his class in the fourth year by giving two additional lectures on Coleridge. Lectures which are attended at this late day must be considered especially valuable.

•

Parkdale Collegiate Institute set a noble example to similar institutions by contributing over four hundred dollars to the library fund. Thank you, Parkdale. The fund steadily increases though not too fast. It will, however, be more satisfactory in the end to know that the sum has been contributed by a very large number of individuals. It is to the masses the University looks for support. The latest of those who have earned our gratitude are Professors Panton and Richardson from Guelph Agricultural College, who gave an illustrated lecture on the Kentucky Mammoth Cave on Friday, in the Biological Department.

•

Mr. W. S. McLay of McMaster has been appointed editor-in-chief of the revived *'Varsity*. He will be aided by a strong staff of sub-editors. At one dollar a year, with enthusiasm fresh, the paper will doubtless start with a large undergraduate circulation. Grads. and outsiders are taxed double.

NEMO.

Trinity Talk.

On Monday morning last a most enthusiastic meeting of those interested in baseball was held in the reading-room when the following officers were elected: President, Rev. E. C. Cayley, M.A.; sec.-treas., Mr. F. B. Howden; curator, Mr. W. H. White; committee, Messrs. Grout, Pringle and Garrett. The first match of the season will probably be played with the Wycliffe College B. B. C. Immediately after the baseball meeting, officers were appointed by the Tennis Club for the coming season; the following were chosen: President, Rev. E. C. Cayley, M.A.; sec.-treas., Mr. J. G. L. Abbott; committee, Messrs. Loucks and Gemmil. The court has been already rolled several times and is looking beautifully green and level, and in another week with fine weather it is expected to be in good condition for playing.

The library, consisting of 3,000 volumes, so generously donated to Trinity by Rev. Prof. Boys is already catalogued, and the various works have found their places in the shelves of the college library. Those books of which Trinity possessed duplicates have been secured by the University of Toronto.

Arrangements have been made for a second course of six Ambulance Lectures to be delivered in Convocation Hall of Trinity University during Easter term. The lectures will be delivered on successive Friday afternoons at 3:30 p.m., beginning on April 18. The following lecturers have kindly consented to take part: Drs. Grasett, Ryerson, McLaughlin, Sheard, Davison and Miss Snively. The subjects to be treated will be as follows: Surgical Hints, Voice and How to Preserve It, Facts concerning Health, Habits and Occupations, Physiological Phenomena, Medical Emergencies, The Sick Room, etc. The lecture by Dr. Alice McLaughlin on Facts Concerning Health and by Miss Snively on the Sick Room are for ladies only. Tickets for the entire course $2. Single lectures 50 cents. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Body, Trinity College; Mrs. Osler, Avenue road; Mrs. Molson Spragge, 17 Wilcox street.

CÆCUS.

Why Are Clever People So Ugly?

A peculiar question to ask, rather, is it not? But not altogether a foolish one. While men who have muscles of iron, nerves of steel, frames of Spartans, and the intellectual attainments of a third-form schoolboy, are frequently models of manly beauty, distinguished philosophers, men of science, professors of learning, authors and poets, can generally be easily detected in a room full of company by their little withered bodies, large heads and shrivelled faces.

Nor are the gentler sex exceptions to this rule, for whereas your frolicsome miss is as charming and lovable as she is intellectually deficient, your lady of culture is just as certain to be lank, lackadaisical, queer, and far from beautiful. It would be rude to instance examples now living to bear out our theory, but there can be no harm in pointing out that anybody might have been forgiven for confusing Darwin with one of the monkeys from which he alleged the human race to be derived. George Eliot, too, was a lady of remarkable physical disadvantages.

Carlyle was as rough and unkempt in appearance as an old and worn-out coal porter, for all that he had one of the most wonderful intellects ever found in a man.

Everybody is aware of the sad sight afforded by a lad said to be exceptionally clever, whose parents consider him a future senior wrangler at the least. A youth with no trace of youth about him—a strange machine for absorbing knowledge.

As for an overworked schoolgirl! Why, there are few more unpleasant spectacles than she presents.

Amongst young men, how many ladies would undoubtedly award the palm for physical grace and attractiveness to the scamp, the scoundrel, the reckless young fellow who never reads a book from one year's end to another, rather than to the studious, conscientious, weak-eyed undergraduate, who means to take high honors in the schools?

Tom Jones and Lovelace, handsome and captivating, are types of men whose animal natures predominate over their intellectual; and yet few, even good and well-brought-up girls, would turn their backs upon them for really excellent men, as clever and honest as, unfortunately, they are ugly. It is not in human nature to do so.

It almost seems to reflective minds that we were not meant to pore over books beyond a certain point, since nearly every author, from Solomon to Edgar Poe—and enough is left to the imagination there, surely—has had something to say upon the matter of intellect being wedded to ugliness or infirmity.

For instance, Solomon says, "Much study is a weariness to the flesh," and "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Now weariness and sorrow do not make a man round, and jolly, and good-looking—do they?

Shakespeare speaks of learning as being "lean and wasteful." It is quite true that many cultivated people are lean and wasteful—learning has that effect upon them.

Tom Hood writes of Eugene Aram as follows:

"Much study had made him very lean
And pale and leaden-eyed."

Now, the fact of an individual being "lean, and pale, and leaden-eyed," would not serve him greatly as a recommendation to the good graces of any gentle young lady.

In fact it appears indisputable that a man or woman who has consecrated his or her life to the pursuit of knowledge will hardly serve as a model for an Apollo or a Venus. On the other hand, there are scores of reckless young scamps and flighty young damsels about who are, physically, quite worthy of being painted on canvas as classical specimens of human perfection physically considered.

Therefore it is not illogical to ask, were we intended to occupy the best years of our lives in sucking up all manner of instruction, a vast deal of which we shall never require, since there can be no question as to the havoc it makes with our physical constitutions?

Surely if cleverness were such a blessing to mankind it would never have villainous a habit of making its unhappy possessors ugly, you would think.

A handsome man, whose life is devoted to study, and to that alone, is quite an exception; a beautiful lady of "high intellectual attainments," as the papers term it, is a rarity.

But clever people, whose bodies are bent, frail, perhaps deformed like Pope's, whose eyes are assisted by spectacles, whose skins are something like parchment, whose manners are odd and grotesque, whose dress is eccentric, who are indeed the very incarnation of ugliness, to put it honestly, abound and flourish exceedingly.

Is it that Providence declines to bless us with both of its true great gifts—physical and intellectual perfection—that we find where one is the other assuredly is not?

If that isn't it, and cleverness is a virtue, we may be pardoned for wondering why clever people are so ugly.

Pineapple Juice for Diphtheria.

Medical science has long sought for a sovereign remedy for the scourge of childhood, diphtheria, yet the colored people of Louisiana, and perhaps of other localities in the South, have for years known and used a cure which is remarkable for its simplicity. It is nothing more nor less than the juice of the pineapple.

"The remedy is not mine," said a gentleman when interviewed; "it has been used by negroes in the swamps down South for years. One of my children was down with diphtheria, and was in a critical condition. An old colored man who heard of the case asked it we had tried pineapple juice. We tried it and the child got well. I have known it tried in hundreds of cases. I have told my friends about it whenever I heard of a case, and never knew it to fail. You get a ripe pineapple, squeeze out the juice, and let the patient swallow it. The juice is of so corrosive a nature that it will cut out diphtheritic mucus, and if you will take the fruit before it is ripe and give the juice to a person whose throat is well it makes the mucous membranes of his throat sore."

Just What He Wanted.

Pat borrowed some money of a friend and was unable to pay it back when he came for it and the friend became very angry and said: "Now, Pat, if you don't pay that money by next Monday, I shall give you a good thrashing."

The next day as Pat was strolling along the street, he jostled a man, who cried out: "Look out what you are doing or I will knock you into the middle of next week."

"Be jabers! an' I wish ye wud, for thin I wud be over Monday."

A LIFE SENTENCE

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—CONTINUED.

She rang the bell and asked for Mrs. Jenkins, who appeared almost at once and led the girl into Hubert's deserted sitting-room.

"Oh, miss, I'm so glad you have come!" she said. "For we can't get Mr. Lepel to be quiet at all, and we were just on the point of sending off for you, because he calls for you constantly, and the doctor he says, 'Could you get the lady that he talks about to come and sit beside him for a little time? That might calm him,' he says; 'and, if we can calm him, we may save his life.'

"Oh, is he so ill as that?" cried Cynthia.

"He couldn't be much worse, the doctor says. Can you stay, miss, now you're here? Just for an hour or two at any rate!

"I can stay as long as I can be of any use," said the girl desperately. "Nobody wants me—nobody will ask for me; it is better for me to be here."

The words fell unheeded on Mrs. Jenkins' ears. All that she cared about was the welfare of her husband's employer. Both Jenkins and his wife adored Mr. Lepel, and the thought that he might die in this illness had been agony to them—and not on their own account alone. They genuinely believed in Mrs. Lepel's power of soothing and calming him, and Mrs. Jenkins could not do enough for the girl's comfort.

"You'll take off your things here, miss, will you not? And then I'll take you to Mr. Lepel's own room. But wouldn't you like a glass of wine or a cup of tea or something before you go in? You look terribly tired and harassed like, miss; and what you are going to see isn't exactly what will do you good. Poor Mr. Lepel he do look dreadful—and that's the long and the short of it!"

"I don't want anything, thank you, Mrs. Jenkins," said Cynthia, faintly smiling; "and I should like to go to Mr. Lepel at once."

"Have you ever seen anything of sick people, miss, or done any nursing?"

"Never, Mrs. Jenkins."

"Don't be too frightened then, miss, when you first see Mr. Lepel. People with fevers often look worse than they really are."

Cynthia set her lips: if she was frightened, she would not show it, she resolved.

Then, after some slight delay, she was admitted to Hubert's room; and there, in spite of her resolution, at first she stood aghast.

It startled her to perceive that, although she knew his face so well, she might not have recognized it in an unaccustomed place. It was discolored, and the eyes were bloodshot and wandering; the hair had grown thinner, drawn away from his head, and the stubble of an unshaven beard showed itself on cheeks and chin. Any romance that might have existed in the mind of a girl of twenty concerning a lover's illness was struck dead at once and for ever. He was ill—terribly ill and delirious; he looked as he was with a madman's eyes, and his face was utterly changed; his voice too, as he raised it in the constant stream of incoherent talk that escaped his lips, was hoarse and raging and unnatural. Anything less interesting, less attractive to a weak soul than this delirious fever-stricken man could not well be imagined; but Cynthia's soul was made of stronger stuff.

She was conscious that never in her life had she loved Hubert Lepel so intensely, so devotedly as she loved him now. Something of the maternal instinct awakened within her at the sight of his great need. He had no one to minister to his more subtle wants—no one to send him out of pure love and sympathy. The man Jenkins, who sat beside the bed, ready to hold him down if in his delirium he should attempt to throw himself out of the window, was awkward and uncouth in a sick-room. Mrs. Jenkins, although ready and willing to help, was longing to steal away to her little children at home. The landlady down-stairs had announced that she could not possibly undertake to wait upon an invalid. All these facts became clear to Cynthia in a very little time. She saw, as soon as she entered the room, that the window-blind was awry and the curtains were wrongly hung; that the table and chest of drawers were crowded with an untidy array of bottles, cups, and glasses, and that the whole aspect of the place was dreary. This fact did not concern her at present however; her attention was given wholly and at once to the sick man.

She stood for a minute or two at the foot of the bed, realising with a pang the fact that he did not know her. His eyes rested upon her as he spoke; but there was no recognition in them. She could not hear all he said; but, between strings of incoherent words and unintelligible phrases, some sentences caught her ear.

"She will not come, said the sick man—"she has given me up entirely! Quite right too! The world would say that she was perfectly right. And I am the blackest villain living—I have always been wrong; and there is no way out of it. Some one said that to me once—no way out of it—no way out of it—no way out of it—oh, Heaven!"

The sentence ended with a moan of agony which made Cynthia writhe with pain.

"He's always saying that," Jenkins whispered to her—"'No way out of it!' He keeps coming back to that as if—as if there was something on his mind."

Cynthia raised her hand to silence him. The torrent of words broke out again.

"It was not all my fault. It was Flossy's fault; but one cannot betray a woman, one's sister—can one? Even she would say that. But she has gone away, and she will never come back again. Cynthia—Cynthia! I might call as long as I pleased—she would never come. Why don't you fetch her, some of you? So many people here, and nobody will bring Cynthia to me! Cynthia, Cynthia, my love!"

"I am here, dear—I am here, beside you," said Cynthia.

But he did not seem to understand. She touched his hot hand with her own, and smoothed his fevered brow. The restless tongue went on.

"She has given me up, and I shall never see her any more! She gave me too hard a task; I could not do it—not all at once. It is done now. Yes, I have done it, and it has divided us for ever. Why did you make me speak, Cynthia? He was not miserable; he was happy. But I am to be miserable for ever and ever now. There is no way out of the misery—no way out of it—darkness and loneliness all my life, and worse afterwards. Cynthia, Cynthia, you are sending me to perdition!"

He half rose from his bed, and made as if he would struggle with her. Cynthia rushed to the rescue; but Cynthia would not move aside.

"Lie down, dearest, she was saying—"lie down and rest. Cynthia is here. Cynthia is with you; she will never leave you any more unless you send her away. Lie down, my darling, and try to rest."

He did not understand the words; but the sweet rhythm of her voice caught his ear. He fell back upon the pillows, staring, helpless, wild-eyed. She kept her cool hand upon his brow.

"Is that Cynthia?" he said suddenly.

"Yes, dearest, it is Cynthia."

"How kind of her to come!" said Hubert, looking away from the girl as if Cynthia were on the other side of the room. "But she should not look so angrily at me. I have done what I could, you know. It is all right now, Cynthia; I have done what I could—I have saved him—indeed I have! I have fulfilled my promise—no way out of it but that! A life sentence—a life sentence for me!"

The words died away upon his lips in a confused babble that they could not understand. He murmured inarticulately for a time, but there came long pauses between the words, his eyelids dropped a little, and he grew perceptibly less flushed. In about half an hour the doctor came into the room. He cast a swift look at Cynthia, and another at his patient; then he nodded sagaciously.

"Better," he said curtly. "I thought so. Some more ice, Jenkins. He has been quieter since you came, I conclude, madam?"

Cynthia bowed her head.

"Are you the lady for whom he has been asking so often? I know your face—Miss Cynthia Wes, I believe? Can you stay?"

"Yes," said Cynthia, without hesitation.

"If you keep him as quiet as that, you will save his life," said the doctor; and then he beckoned Jenkins out of the sick-room and gave him various stringent orders and recommendations—to all which Jenkins lent an attentive if a somewhat puzzled ear.

The doctor looked in again before he went away. Mr. Lepel was lying back on his pillows perfectly motionless and silent; Miss West, kneeling beside the bed, still kept one hand on his, while with the other she put cooling applications to his burning forehead. Her hand upon his forehead. As long as she was touching him the patient seemed perfectly content.

And again the doctor nodded—and this time he also smiled.

So passed the hours of that long summer day.

CHAPTER XL.

When the light was fading a little, there was a new sound in Hubert Lepel's sick-room—the rustle of a silk dress, the tapping of little high-heeled shoes across the floor. Cynthia looked round hastily, ready to hush the intruder; for Hubert was now quieter than he had been, and only murmured incoherent sentences from time to time. A fresh outburst of delirium was of all things to be warded off if possible, and there was a faint hope that he might sleep. If he slept, his life, humanly speaking, was saved. But it was hardly likely that sleep would come so soon.

Cynthia looked round, prepared to rebuke the new comer—for she had taken upon herself all the authority of nurse, and was resident in the sick man's room; but her eyes fell upon a stranger whose face was yet not altogether unknown to her. She had seen its owner in the Beechfield lanes: she remembered it vaguely without knowing to whom it belonged. In her earlier years at school that face had stood in her imagination for the type of a beauty cold and cruel and fair in ancient song or story, fable or legend. It had figured as Medusa—as Circe; the world-wearied Cynthia's mind the Middle Ages had come to her in visions with just such subtle eyes, such languorous beauty, such fair white skin and yellow hair; the witch woman of her weirdest dream had had the look of Florence Lepel; just as Hubert's far different features, with the dark melancholy expression of suffering stamped upon them, had stood for her as those of Fouque's ideal knights, or of Sintram riding through the dark valley, of Lancelot sinning and repenting of saint, hero, martyr, paladin, in turn, until she grew old enough to banish such foolish dreams. She had been a strangely imaginative child; and these two faces seemed to have haunted her all her life. That of her hero lay beside her, stricken with illness, fevered, insensible; that of the evil woman—for this Cynthia instinctively believed Florence Vane to be—confronted her with a strange, mocking, malignant smile.

Cynthia put up her hand.

"Hush!" she said quietly. "He is not to be disturbed."

"Are you the nurse?" said Mrs. Vane's cool light voice.

"I am a friend," replied Cynthia quietly. "If you wish to talk to me, I will come into the other room."

"Upon my word, you take things very calmly!" said Florence. "I really never dreamt—. It is a most embarrassing situation!"

But she did not look embarrassed in the least; neither did Cynthia.

A heavier step on the boards now made itself heard, and the General's face, ruddy and framed in venerable gray hairs, pressed forward over his wife's shoulder.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear—this is very bad!" he grumbled, either to himself or to Florence—"poor lad—poor lad! He looks very ill—he does indeed!"

Flossy came closer to the bed. As soon as she drew near, her brother seemed to grow uneasy; he began to turn his head from side to side, to move his hands and to mutter incoherently.

"You disturb him," said Cynthia, looking at Mrs. Vane. "The doctor says that he must be kept perfectly quiet. Will you kindly go into the other room, and, if you want me, I will come to you."

"We are not particularly likely to want you, young woman," said Florence coldly. "If you are not a qualified nurse, I do not see why you should try to turn Mr. Lepel's own sister out of his room. It is your place to go—not mine."

For all answer, Cynthia turned again to Hubert, and began applying ice to his fevered head. She seemed absorbed by her task, and took no further notice of the visitors. For once Flossy felt herself a little quelled.

She turned to Mrs. Jenkins, who had followed her into the room.

"Has not the doctor procured a proper nurse yet for Mr. Lepel?" she said.

Mrs. Jenkins fidgeted, and looked at Cynthia.

"The young lady," she said at last, "seems to be doing all that is required, ma'am. The doctor says she we couldn't do better."

"In that case, my dear," said the pacific general, "I think that we had better not interfere with existing arrangements. We will go back to the hotel and inquire again in the morning."

"Go back to the hotel, and leave that person in possession!" cried Flossy, with fine and virtuous scorn. "Are you mad, general? I will not put up with such a thing for a moment! She will go out of this house before I go!"

These words reached Cynthia's ears. The girl simply smiled. The smile said, as plainly as words could have done, that she would not leave Hubert Lepel's rooms unless she was taken away from them by force.

Meanwhile Mrs. Jenkins was whispering and explaining, the general was expostulating, and Flossy was apparently more and more irate every moment. Cynthia, with her hand on Hubert's pulse, felt it growing faster; his incoherent words were spoken with energy; he was beginning to raise his head from the pillow and gaze about him with wild excited eyes. She turned sharply towards the visitors.

"Go into the other room at once," she said, with sudden decision. "You have aroused him already—you have done him alarm! Keep silence and rest. Cynthia is here. Cynthia is with you; she will never leave you any more unless you send her away. Lie down, my darling, and try to rest."

He did not understand the words; but the sweet rhythm of her voice caught his ear. He fell back upon the pillows, staring, helpless, wild-eyed. She kept her cool hand upon his brow.

"Is that Cynthia?" he said suddenly.

"Yes, dearest, it is Cynthia."

"How kind of her to come!" said Hubert, looking away from the girl as if Cynthia were on the other side of the room. "But she should not look so angrily at me. I have done what I could, you know. It is all right now, Cynthia; I have done what I could—I have saved him—indeed I have! I have fulfilled my promise—no way out of it but that! A life sentence—a life sentence for me!"

The words died away upon his lips in a confused babble that they could not understand. He murmured inarticulately for a time, but there came long pauses between the words, his eyelids dropped a little, and he grew perceptibly less flushed. In about half an hour the doctor came into the room. He cast a swift look at Cynthia, and another at his patient; fatigue and grief, her lips had taken a pathetic down-drawn curve, and her dusky hair had been pushed back carelessly from her fine brow. There was a curious dignity about her—a dignity which seemed to proceed chiefly from her entire absence of self-consciousness and lowed up as this had been in the depth of a great sorrow. Opposite to her stood Florence, self-conscious and alert in every nerve and vein, but hiding her agitation under an exterior of polished grace and studiedly haughty courtesy. Her fair beauty was that of a variable setting of exquisite colors and textures, her whole appearance indescribably dainty and delicate, like that of some rare flower bird which hesitates where to set its foot in a strange place.

Thus the two saw each other; and Flossy felt vaguely that Cynthia ought to be at a disadvantage, but that in some strange and miraculous manner she was not. Indeed it was Cynthia who took the lead and spoke first.

"If you wish to speak to me," she said, "I am here; but I cannot leave Mr. Lepel for long."

"I have no wish to speak—necessity alone compels me," said Mrs. Vane, giving the girl a haughty stare from under her half-closed eyelids. "I am compelled, I fear, to ask you a few questions. I presume that a nurse is coming?"

"I think not. The doctor said that he need not send one so long as Jenkins and I were here."

"And pray how long do you mean to remain here?"

"As long as he has need of me."

"You are under a mistake," said Mrs. Vane loftily. "Mr. Lepel did not send for you, I believe?"

"He called for me in his delirium," answered Cynthia. "Did you think we were going to be lighted up as if from an inward fire. "He is quiet only when I am here."

Flossy laughed derisively.

"A good reason! Is he not quiet now, with the woman Jenkins at his side? You will perhaps allow that his relatives—his family—have some right to attend to his illness and care; and I must really say very plainly—since you compel me to do so—that I should prefer to see him nursed by a professional nurse, and not by a young girl whose very presence here is a scandal to all propriety."

Cynthia drew herself up to her full height.

"I think I can scarcely understand you," she said. "I am acting under the doctor's orders, and am here by his authority. There can be no scandal in that. When Mr. Lepel is conscious and can spare me, I will go."

"Spare you! He will be only too glad to spare you!" cried Mrs. Vane. "I do not know what your connection with him has been—I do not want to know"—the insinuation conveyed by her tone and manner was felt by Cynthia to be in itself an insult; "but this I am fully convinced of, that my poor brother could not possibly have known that you were the daughter of that wretched criminal, Andrew Westwood—the man who murdered Sydney Vane! If he had known that, he would never have wished to see your face again!"

She saw the girl wince, as if she had received a cut with a whip, and for a moment she triumphed.

The general, who was just inside the room, listening anxiously to the conversation, now came to her aid. He stepped forward hurriedly, his face growing crimson, his lower jaw twitching, his eyes seeming to turn in his head as he heard the words.

"What, what, what! What—this young person the daughter of Westwood the murderer! Abominable! What business has she here? It is an insult to us all!"

Cynthia turned upon him like a wild animal at bay, defiance flashing in her mournful magnificent dark eyes.

"My presence insulted you less than the words Mrs. Vane has spoken insult me!" she cried, tossing back her head with the proud stag-like gesture which Hubert had learned to know so well. "She is more cruel than I ever thought one woman could be to another! She must know that I have nothing to reproach myself with—that my life is as free from stain as purer, if all one hears is true." She could not deny herself the vengeful taunt, but was recalled to her better self by the sight of Florence blanch under it and suddenly draw back. "But about myself I do not choose to speak. Mr. General, I will not ask you—let me, if I go, who, I am sure, will be just, at least, to one who craves only for justice—my father, sir, was innocent of the crime for which he was condemned; and some day his innocence will be manifested before all eyes. Mr. Lepel knows—he knew before he was taken ill—that I am Andrew Westwood's daughter. I told him a few days ago."

"And he was so much horrified by the news that this illness is the result. I see now," said Mrs. Vane, coolly, "why this break-down has taken place. The poor boy, general, has been so harassed and overcome by the discovery that his brain has for the time been quite gone away. And yet this girl pretends that he wants her to remain!"

"I appeal to the doctor!" said Cynthia, suddenly turning as white as Florence herself had done. "If he supports me, you will yield to his decision? If he says that I am not necessary here, I will go. I have no wish to inflict my presence on those to whom it is unwelcome."

She glanced proudly from Mrs. Vane to the general. The old man was much perturbed. He was walking about the room, muttering to himself, his lips protruding, his brow wrinkled with anger and disgust.

"Too bad—too bad!" Cynthia heard him say. "Westwood's daughter—nursing Hubert too! Tut, tut—a bad business this!"

Cynthia resolved upon a bold stroke—she would address him.

"Sir," said, taking a step towards him, "will you listen to me for a moment? I promise you that I will go if the doctor says that I am not wanted. You need not fear that I shall force myself upon you. I only ask you to forgive me the fact of being my father's daughter until Mr. Lepel is a little stronger—if the doctor says that I must not leave him yet. When he is better, I vow—I swear that you shall see and hear no more of me! I shall leave the country, and you will never be troubled by me again. But, till then, have pity! Let me help to nurse him; he has been my best friend in the whole world—he has never yet been able to do anything for him! When he is better, I will go away. Till then, for pity's sake, sir, let me stay!"

Her voice broke; she clasped her hands before her and held down her head to hide her tears. The general, brought to a sudden stop by her appeal, him, eyed her with a mixture of pity and bewildered contrited desolation. He could not but be sorry for her although she was Westwood's daughter and, by all reports, not much better perhaps than a thief; for he firmly believed in the truth of all Flossy's malignant hints and innuendoes. But Cynthia was a handsome woman, and she seemed so weak; he could not bear to see a handsome woman cry.

"My good girl," he stammered—and then Flossy's significant smile made him stammer all the more—"my girl, I—I do not wish to blame you—personally, of course—not your fault at all—we can't help it being painful, you know."

"Painful—yes," cried Cynthia eagerly; "but pain is sometimes necessary! You will not drive me away from Hubert's bedside if I can be of any use to him?"

"No, no, I suppose not," said the general, melting in spite of himself. "I wouldn't for the world do anything to harm poor Hubert. Suppose we hear what the doctor says?"

Cynthia's hand was on the bell immediately, and Jenkins showed himself at the door without delay.

"Jenkins," she said, "it is very important that we should have the doctor here at once. Mrs. Vane—General Vane—want—"

"Give your own orders, general," said Flossy abruptly. She could not lose a chance of annoying and insulting Cynthia.

"If m. ha—the doctor, my man," said the general, rather taken aback by the demands upon him—"get us the doctor as soon as you can. Tell him—tell him that Mr. Lepel's relatives are here, and no doubt he will come at once."

There was a little silence in the room when Jenkins had disappeared upon his errand. The general stood, with his hands clasped behind him, looking out of a window; Mrs. Vane had sunk into a chair, in which she lay back, her graceful neck turned aside, as if she wanted to avoid the sight of Cynthia, who meanwhile stood upon the hearth-rug, head bent and hands folded, waiting gravely and patiently for what she felt to be the decision on her fate.

Presently Mrs. Vane raised a little, fixed her cold eyes on the motionless figure before her, and spoke in tones so low that they did not reach the general's ears.

"What have you done with your father?" she asked.

Cynthia raised her eyes to Mrs. Vane's face for a moment with a flash of pain in their lustrous depths. She made no other answer.

"You need not think," said Florence, deliberately, "that I do not know where he has been until to-day. I know all about him."

"Yes; you set your spies on him," said Cynthia, in equally low but bitter tones. "I was aware of that."

"I know of his movements up to eleven o'clock this morning, and so do the police," said Mrs. Vane. "Did you see him this morning, perhaps by appointment, perhaps not—how do I know?—and you drove away with him to St. Pancras station. There you took his ticket for Liverpool—then you said good-bye. Why did you not wait to see him off? The answer is easy to read—because he never went to Liverpool at all. Did you think, as a young children like yourself that you could throw dust in our eyes as easily as that?"

Cynthia's dilated eyes asked a question that her lips would not utter. Flossy smiled.

"You want to know if he has been taken?" she said. "Not yet; but he soon will be. You should not have been seen with him if you wanted him to escape. I suppose you were not aware that the relationship was known!"

No, this certainly Cynthia had not known.

"You have been the means of identifying him to the police," Mrs. Vane went on, with the cruel smile still playing about her thin lips; "otherwise we should hardly have been sure that he changed his disguise. I almost wonder that you never thought of that."

Then Cynthia made a desperate attempt to stem the tide.

"You are mistaken," she said.

Mrs. Vane laughed aloud.

"You had better not try to tell lies about it—it is not your forte. Brazen it out, as you have done hitherto, and you may succeed. A detective has been to Madame Stella Scala's house already, and he will probably find you out—if you stay here—before long. I am afraid that your stay will not be very good in keeping a secret; but I have put you on your guard, and you should thank me."

"Will you cease not for torturing me," said Cynthia, with a hard dry sob that seemed to be born of agony. "I would rather face all the police and the magistrates of London than you! Let me go! I will have no difficulty in doing so. If I cannot stay here, I will go back to Madame's house."

"Which you will find closed to you," said Flossy. "After the story that she has heard, Madame della Scala refuses to receive you there again. You seem to think very little of your father's crime, Miss Westwood; but you will not find society condone it so easily."

Cynthia's face flushed hotly, but she did not reply.

"You had better go away," said Mrs. Vane, leaning forward and speaking almost in a whisper. "Hubert will be better when you are gone—it will be better for you. The police will be here before very long, and possibly they may arrest you."

"I do not think they can do that. No, I shall not hide myself."

"It would be safer for your father," said Flossy, sidelong and insidiously. "Listen—I will make a bargain with you. If you go, I will hide part of my own knowledge—I will not let the women Meldreth describe him accurately. I will help you to put the detectives off the track; and, in return, you will go away at once—where I care not—and never see Hubert again. You can write to your father then."

"I will make no bargain with you," said Cynthia, solemnly. She looked straight into the white subtle face—half hidden in the velvet brown languorous eyes, full now of a secret fear. "You forget that God protects the innocent and punishes the guilty. I will stay with my father; and God will defend my father and the right."

"Your father will be hanged yet," said Flossy, turning away, restlessly. It was her only answer to the girl's courageous words.

(To be Continued.)

The Danger of the Letter of Introduction

Vice-President of the Society for the Suppression of Frivolity (reading)—Chicago, Ill., 1890. Dear Bill:—Although I haven't seen you for ten years I venture to introduce my friend Jack Tappit, who is visiting New York on business. Show him the sights, and buy him a much oblige your old friend and fellow-rounder, MUCKLEY.—*Judge.*

Home Decoration.

The wealth of a Rothschild is not necessary for obtaining an attractive home. Inexpensive decorations are often more beautiful than the lavish embellishments to be seen in the home of the millionaire.

A few ten cent packages of Diamond Dyes and Diamond Paints will, if used with taste, give the home the refined and æsthetic air of beauty which oftentimes is not gained with the expenditure of thousands of dollars. Faded curtains, lambrequins, draperies, and furniture coverings can be made some fashionable shade with the proper color of Diamond Dyes. Old furniture and woodwork will take an elegant cherry, mahogany, or black walnut color from wood stains made out of different colors of the Diamond Dyes. Beautiful pictures frames with Diamond Gold Paint. Dye mats and rugs with Diamond Dyes, and in many ways beautify your home by the use of these inexpensive articles.

Photographs or engravings can be colored most artistically with water colors made from Diamond Dyes. Full directions for doing this work will be sent free of charge to any address upon application to Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

Pretty frames can be made of rough bark, tacked on a foundation of pasteboard or white wood, and gilded with Diamond Paints. Cornices, for a cosy country cottage, are often made in the same way. A pretty conceit is to have panels of embossed plush, striped velvet, or silk or satin brocade, marked out by bronzed, stained, or gilded wood. Cheese cloth window draperies may be given a beautiful shade by dipping into a week solution of Diamond Dyes of any desired tint.

Remember that the beauty of decoration lies not so much in the variety and costliness of the material employed as it does in simplicity and harmony.

Ingenuousness.

All who have seen a French wedding know of the homely and often familiarly affectionate manner in which the officiating priest delivers a little homily to the intending husband and wife, in which, celibate as he is, he speaks with the authority of deep experience on the duties of bearing and forebearing, on the happiness and privileges of the married state. But all who heard it were astonished at the surpassing plainness of speech of the following priestly address: "It is from the bottom of my heart, Joseph, that I congratulate you upon the great step you are taking. It was indeed sad to see you wasting your youth in a life of disgusting drunkenness. However, all is well that ends well; and it pleases me to think that you have said good-bye for ever to the wine-shop. As to you, my poor Catherine, I congratulate you heartily that you have been able, ugly as you are, to find a husband. Never forget that you ought, by an unchangeable sweetness and a devotion without bounds, to try to obtain pardon for your physical imperfection; for, I repeat, you are a real blunder of nature. And now, my dear children, I join you in matrimony."

Took it as a Compliment.

"Miss Passe just dotes on the landlord of the Vendome Hotel."

"Why so?"

"Why, when she went there, they gave her suite 16."—*Puck.*

SAVOY HOTEL
Victoria Embankment
LONDON
MAGNIFICENT RIVER VIEW
LUXURIOUS SUITES WITH
PRIVATE BATH ROOMS
ELECTRIC LIGHT EVERYWHERE
NO GAS
ALL THE CORRIDORS WARMED NIGHT AND DAY BY HOT WATER
THE RESTAURANT
Organized by M. RITZ, of Monte Carlo, the *only open air Restaurant in London.*
THE CUISINE RIVALS THE MOST FAMOUS CONTINENTAL CAFES
Chef de cuisine, M. CHARPENTIER
Acting Manager, M. ECHENARD
General Manager, M. RITZ

The ALE and STOUT of JOHN LABATT, LONDON,
is undoubtedly the BEST.
TRY IT
JAMES GOOD & CO.
Sole Agents, Toronto

THE Wonder of The Age
ECLIPSE DYES
A NEW Improved Dye for Home Dyeing
Nothing but Water required in using
10c PER PACKAGE. For sale everywhere. If your dealer does not keep them, send 10c. and direct the manufacturers.
COTTINGHAM, ROBERTSON & CO.
MONTREAL

ACHE
HOFFMAN'S HARMLESS HEADACHE POWDERS
are the most reliable for which early benefit, relief and cure follows. Statements are made. See that you get the genuine Hoffman's Powders. They Cure ANY Headache. They are not a Cathartic.

Jewell & Kinnear
COLBORNE STREET
The merchants and professional gentlemen of Toronto prefer to lunch at the Colborne Street restaurant, where everything is under Mr. Fred Jewell's personal supervision, to going where they would not find the same individual attention. Cuisine first-class.
JEWELL & KINNEAR
LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF
DIAMONDS
At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.
GEO. E. TROREY
Manufacturing Jeweler
91 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

WHOLESALE HATTER
J. & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XLI.

The summer night waned and the dawn of another day was come, rising in the east with a glow and beauty of gold and crimson which flushed the whole sky with faint roseate clouds. In the old red brick house by the riverside the servants were beginning to move about softly, extinguishing the lamps which had been burning all through the night and speaking to each other in lowered tones.

In one of the smaller sitting-rooms on the ground floor the golden light crept in at the uncurtained windows and fell upon the form of a man who sat with his arms crossed on the table and his head bowed upon them. Through the short fragrant summer night he had sat there, in the room where he had recovered from his swoon, leaving it only for a few minutes when he yielded to Lord Sevon's entreaties to change his wet clothes.

The young earl had remained with him through that sad night. He did not like Hugh's haggard looks and mournful eyes, and he proved himself a kind and sympathetic friend.

"I never thought he cared so much for his wife!" he had said to himself. "But he is evidently awfully cut up, poor beggar! And Graham thinks she is dying."

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness;" and no one but Hugh Cameron himself, and perhaps Stanley, keeping an equally sleepless vigil in one of the upper chambers, knew the suffering he endured during those night hours, when the deathlike stillness reigned unbroken save by some slight sound from the room above, where Laura Cameron lay dying.

Doctor Graham had given no hope; the shock of her accident—they called it an accident, although they knew quite well that the word was not the right one—could not but prove fatal to so delicate a woman, although of course all means were being tried to strengthen the faint spark of life which might at any moment be extinguished.

She was dying; and Hugh Cameron, through those dark dreadful hours, began to feel as if he were her murderer. There was no one to remind him of the heart-weakness which would sooner or later have been fatal to her. He thought of her as she had been on the morning of that day—erect, beautiful, queenly; he thought of her as she had faced him in the gay little summer house—how she had fallen at his feet in her remorse and repentance, and how he had spurned her. He had again gone through the scenes of the preceding day—the church, the gay wedding-party, the sally-clad groups, Stanley in her white gown standing among the bridesmaids; Francis Ashton's office, where he had learned his wife's treachery; the swift drive from town; his cousin's sneering voice; Stanley with her tender arms about his wife; Laura with her beautiful head resting on the bosom of the girl she had wronged—Laura who was dying.

He felt stunned and stupefied as he sat there; the fierce agony he had suffered during the evening and which he had vainly sought to ease by the restless wanderings which had brought about his presence at the riverside had died down to this benumbed anguish which made the daylight seems a mockery.

Towards dawn Lord Sevon had fallen asleep in his arm chair; and he was still sleeping when, in the golden light of the early summer day, Marian opened the door of the room where they were, and, coming softly to his side, laid upon her nephew's bowed head. He looked up, startling a little, with wild and bloodshot eyes.

"What is it?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"Dr. Graham thinks you had better come," said Lady Marian gently; and Hugh rose and put his hand to his head with a strange troubled gesture of bewildered pain as he followed her from the room.

Lady Marian had put off the rich dress she had worn at the garden party, and had replaced it with a loose soft gown; she looked worn and haggard and sorrowful in the bright daylight as she went up the shallow staircase and entered a room opening on to the first landing. It was a large, low-ceiled, old-fashioned bed chamber, furnished in the same perfect taste which distinguished all the house; the windows were opened as if to admit as much air as possible; they looked over the velvety green and towards the river, which gleamed like molten gold in the sunshine. The flowers were blooming in the parterres with all the freshness and vigor of renewed life. Within the old house was the shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death.

There was a low white bed in the center of the room, and Laura was lying motionless upon it; her face was colorless, and that mournful shadow rested heavily on her sunken eyes and drawn features.

Dr. Graham, very grave and sorrowful, looking pale and worn, sat beside the bed, his fingers on the blue-veined wrist of one of the little hands which lay outside the coverlet; Stanley was half leaning, half kneeling on the other side, her eyes resting on Laura's face, which was turned slightly towards her, the morning light falling tenderly upon her pale beauty, which was heightened just then by an expression of tender pity, of infinite compassion.

Hugh glanced at Stanley as he drew near the bed; but she did not move or look at him. There were no tears in his aching eyes as they rested on his wife; but his lips quivered as he stood there, gaunt and haggard, worn with passion and grief, looking out of harmony with the still solemnity and peace of the room. He forgot her sin against him then; he remembered only her love; and his head sank as he put it gently upon hers, from which they had removed all the rings save her wedding-ring. It rested, chill and passive, beneath his own; there was no returning pressure to show that she felt the touch which a few hours before would have thrilled her.

"She is not dead!" he whispered hoarsely.

"No," said the physician; "but she is dying, my poor fellow!"

She seemed scarcely to breathe, although her lips were slightly parted. A great penitence rose in Hugh's heart and trembled on his lips as he watched her; then he bent down and pressed his lips long and tenderly to hers.

Perhaps it was but the last effort of her failing strength—perhaps it was that the tenderness of his kiss strengthened for a moment the failing pulsation of her heart and gave a faint glow of warmth to the veins in her face, which had be so soon extinct. As he raised his head, her eyes opened, and, looking up, she recognized him, a faint smile lighting up her face for a moment.

"You forgive!" she whispered, in so low a whisper that he had to bend down to hear the words. "And you saved me! You are pitiful! Heaven will be pitiful also. Raise me a little—"

He obeyed, supporting her tenderly with his strong arms. The faint smile deepened in the eyes from which the sight was gone.

"Ah, that is good!" she breathed; and, as her head, with its wealth of golden hair, sank upon his shoulder, a long sigh came from her quivering lips, and with the light of the glad June day upon her face she lay dead.

Laura Cameron drew her last breath so calmly that only the physician knew when life passed from her. He rose, and, taking her from her husband's arms, laid her gently back upon the pillows; and his action told them all. Hugh raised his head, his face as colorless as that of his dead wife. Stanley stood up pale and trembling. Lady Marian's maid, an old and faithful attendant, came forward quietly from the other end of the room, and as quietly Dr. Graham put his hand upon Hugh's arm and led him from the room.

A little while after, walking down the corridor, the kind old doctor met Stanley coming slowly towards him. He took her hands in his, and said:

"This has been a terrible experience for you, my poor child! Your father and I are going to take you back to town presently. She does not suffer any longer," he added, seeing the pain on her face.

Stanley looked vacantly at the kind old man for a moment; her strength, tried to the uttermost during the last twenty-four hours, failed her now; she put her hand to her throat with a pathetic gesture, and Dr. Graham caught her in his arms as she fell.

It was only a slight faintness, during which consciousness did not leave her; but she looked white and weak enough on her recovery to make Sir Humphrey wish to hasten their departure. He himself looked old and haggard as he stood in the light of the radiant summer day waiting for Stanley. Doctor Graham, standing near them, was looking rather curiously at Francis Ashton's face, which was set as in a mask of iron; but there was a strange pallor upon it, and his eyes glittered with an unnatural brightness.

Presently Stanley came out, a soft white shawl wrapped round her, her heavily plumed hat looking strange and incongruous in the early morning light. She passed Francis Ashton without a sign of recognition and stepped into the carriage. Her father noticed her neglect, but attributed it to her trouble and sorrow; he took a kind leave of the lawyer and got into the carriage. Doctor Graham followed; and Francis Ashton bowed low as they drove away.

For a few minutes after the carriage had disappeared the lawyer stood still and motionless on the threshold; then he turned away and went up the shallow oaken stairs. As he reached the landing, his mother's maid and the housekeeper, both old and faithful servants, came out of the room where Laura Cameron lay, locking the door behind them. They curtseyed, glancing at him keenly but covertly; but he passed on in silence and entered his own apartments, which were on the same floor, but lower down the corridor.

When, a short time later, he came out again, the gallery was deserted; there was no one to see him as he made his way swiftly and noiselessly to the locked door.

The key was in the lock, and, without a moment's hesitation, he turned it, opened the door, and entered the room, which was still with the stillness of death. The blinds were drawn down; but they were insufficient to keep out the light of the June day, which rested tenderly in soft radiance upon the white motionless form of the woman who had sinned and who had suffered.

She had been beautiful in her life; she was even more beautiful in her death, lying there in her solemn delicate loveliness like a lily broken at the stem.

Death had brought to her face a look of early youth; it was scarcely a woman's face which lay upturned upon the white pillows, but a girl's. To the man who looked at her it seemed as if it was the girl he had loved in his youth who rested there—as if the last twelve bitter years had never been.

They had crossed her hands upon her bosom; the gold of her wedding-ring reflected a gleam of sunshine which had crept in at the side of the blind; her long lashes rested on her cheeks; a faint unearthly radiance lingered on her lips; she looked as if she slept, calm, smiling, beautiful; yet he who stood there looking at her shuddered.

He had obtained his revenge at the cost of an eternity of remorse.

They had told him how she had breathed her last upon her husband's breast, supported in his arms; for they had stood apart, knowing they were inflicting as they did so. He had heard Dr. Graham's grave words ascribing her death to the shock, which had brought failure of the heart's action. He felt as if he had stabbed her with his own hand—as if he were her murderer.

Yet he had loved her; and, if henceforth his life would be haunted by the hunted, appealing look in her eyes, it would be but a just punishment of his sin against her. If he had not tempted her with that fatal secret, to win a gratitude which he hoped would turn to love, she might in time have given up all thoughts of Hugh Cameron and have rewarded the faithful love of another man. And, instead, she lay there—dead.

He stood looking at her, still and motionless, his temples throbbing; then suddenly, as the blood surged to his brain, the light seemed to fade from his eyes, his ears grew dull, and he fell forward, uttering her name—the name of the woman whom he had loved so well and hated so bitterly, and to whom his love and his hate were nothing now.

Remorse and suffering were his portion thenceforward, although his will was strong enough to hide his feelings from the world. No one guessed at his suffering; but from that June day Francis Ashton was a changed man. He was as devoted to his profession as ever; he grew exceedingly rich; but, though he looked upon the world with a calm and impassive face there were moments of solitude when he writhed in the agony of his grief and remorse. And those bitter moments bore in time fruits of gentleness by which others were blessed; and, as the years went on, the custodians of a great cemetery near London grew accustomed to see the grave face and spare figure of the man who was so constant a visitor at one grave over which was raised a white marble cross, and not unnaturally decided that he was the Hugh Cameron whose wife rested beneath.

About a fortnight after they had laid Laura Cameron in the grave, a letter came to Stanley Gerant as she sat in the oak-room at Rynecourt.

"I cannot bear to think of thanking and blessing you for your goodness and tenderness to her, and saving me from a lifelong remorse. Some day perhaps I may thank you in person; meanwhile let no thought of me sadden you or darken the sunshine of your life. Heaven bless you, Stanley, and give you all happiness!

"Your friend,

"HUGH CAMERON."

Her eyes grew dim as she read those words; it seemed as if his hand touched hers, his eyes looked into hers once more. There, in that room where they had parted, he seemed to stand before her again with the longing expression in his eyes which had been there on that night when she had sent him from her. She put the note on her lips, and broke into a passion of such tears as women shed over their dead.

(To be continued.)

A Great Mystery.

With all the paraphernalia of the modern physical and electrical science, with the instruments of precision that will handle a millionth of an inch as readily as a laborer his pick and shovel; with all the evolutions going on through generations of scientists and the almost incessant wrestling of secrets from the bosom of nature, we doubt if science is any closer to the isolation of the mysterious force called the magnet. It is absurd to suppose that a primary energy is impressed on a piece of hardened steel once for all time. Any such force pumped into actual work would destroy the magnetic power, yet such destruction not only does not take place, but the very exercise of the power strengthens the magnet. A horseshoe of steel may be magnetized in ten seconds by the current of a few amperes from a battery, a ridiculous-ly small amount of energy all told, and such magnet can lift many pounds of iron in contact. But without contact it may lift and hold a pound of iron easily. It will hold that pound for an eternity, and every second of that time without end the magnet is expending energy until it toots up an almost inconceivable total of actual power. Not alone that, but the magnet of one pound lifting power to-day may and will be stronger to morrow.

Where does all this really tremendous amount of energy come from? By what inscrutable process does the mere magnetization of a bar of steel make of it a machine for the transformation of energy? Not a reactory or storage device, which like steel springs, honestly gives back approximately all it has received, but a perpetual transforming or converting machine. There is a hidden process going on of some kind; energy is going into the magnet all the time it is doing work—energy in some form. Where does it come from—gravity? atmosphere? solar rays? earth currents? Who can say? It is a great problem, worthy of a lifetime of indefatigable research. It is a microbe, and it will be discovered, and the discovery will make electricity the queen of nature's forces, and steam will become a dim vision of the dark ages of the past.—*Electrical Review.*

A Woman's Throat.

I care not who paints the exquisite tint of a woman's skin, portrays the delights of her smile or curves her slope of hip and shoulder, so long as I may bow with circumspect homage before the divine swell of a woman's throat! This, no doubt, is presumption and may be construed in divers ways; yet, I simply say I am in love with a pretty throat. I do not admire a throat bare from the chin to half way below the bust; that savors too much of the physical exposure, which I wholly discountenance and dislike. If I loved a woman and should see her with her throat and part of her bust exposed I feel I should cease to love her, but if I should see her throat—as now exposed in the prevailing style of dress—I am sure she would bind me close to her own self by the undying ties of never-ending affection. Love may harbor much of the mind, be bound by the lily qualities of virtue, or be conducted into the sanctuary and abstractions of the soul, but there is nothing that makes a man's heart purer or the glance of his eyes cleaner than the glimpse of a pure woman's throat. I do not mean a throat surrounded by a band of velvet, a bit of lace, a slip of satin. I mean a clear, bare throat from the collar-bone to the chin—clear as nature made it. It is mobile and satisfactory; be it brown, creamy, white or dusky, it is a woman's throat, worthy a good man's effort to secure. When the concealed bosom heaves the pulses of the throat throb, when the heart is sad and the eyes moist to tears, there is a tremulous beauty in the throat pulses that causes a man's heart and eyes to sadden and moisten in unison. A woman's eyes are the windows of her heart, but her throat is the barometer of her soul. Elated, her throat swells with joy; in sadness, her throat trembles and contracts. To kiss the fair forehead of a queen is earthly bliss; to feel the moist hand of a beloved maiden is a dream of Lotus land and a touch of the hot sands of passion without their stains; but to press your lips to the trembling throat of the woman you love, to feel her blood coursing from heart to brain—that is heaven! My ideas may clash with those of others, but I frankly say no woman has such power surrounding physical charms to woo a man as those that dwell in the throat, bare from chin to collar bone.—*H. S. Keller in N. Y. Mercury.*

It Didn't Work Both Ways.

Barber—Your head is sadly in need of a shampoo, sir.

Tailor (in the chair)—Yes, and your clothes are decidedly seedy, but I don't nag you about it.

Feeling Their Way.

Chorus of German Students—Landlord, have you any chalk?

"Yes, gentlemen."

"Then bring us a qurt of beer each, and chalk it up."

A Perfect Treasure.

Madam shows the new servant upstairs to her bedroom in the attic, and says:

"It is here you will have to sleep; there is a good bed, a table, and a chair; that is all you will require."

Meanwhile the servant has been taking measurements with her apron.

"What are you doing that for?"

"Madam, I was only trying if there is room enough for my piano."

A Wrinkle in Reckoning Dates.

A gentleman was showing a curious thing in the Rossin House—showing how to tell the day of the week of any date. He gave the following formula, which can be tried by any one: Take the last two figures of the year, add a quarter of this disregarding the fraction; add the date of the month, and to this add the figure in the following table, one figure standing for each month, 3-6-6-2-4-0-2-5-1-3-5-1. Divide the sum by 7, and the remainder will give the number of the day in the week, and when there is no remainder the day will be Saturday.

As an example, take to-day, April 19, 1890. Take 90 add 22, add 19, add 2. This gives 133, which divided by 7 leaves no remainder, the day therefore being Saturday.

Some of His Kind.

Little Boy—Mother, I don't want to go to Sunday-school; I want to go fishin'.

Mother—But the fish won't bite on Sunday, my son. They're good and go to their Sunday-school.

Well, I'll risk it, anyway; maybe there's some at's like me.—*Texas Siftings.*

He Consented Under a Misapprehension.

Mr. Grane (of Chicago)—Say, Elfrida, you've got t' break off with that Lord Wishwater.
Miss Grane—Why! P P-Papa!!
Mr. Grane—A feller from Ottawa told me t'-day that I won't be any more of a duke after you're married than I be now.—*Puck.*

An Old Saw.

Mahler—What a nonsensical saying that is, "Money talks."

Shaler—I think it is a very wise one. "Money" does "talk," and its remarks are invariably full of cents.—*Chatter.*

THE
CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO.
LIMITED
LATE OF R. HAY & CO.
NEW DESIGNS
IN
: Fine Art :
FURNITURE
95 and 97 Yonge Street
TORONTO

WATCHES FREE. 1000 absolutely free to introduce our goods. Write and be convinced.
c 5 Canadian Watch Co., Toronto. Can.

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCH, DINNER, AND ALL TIMES.
MENIER CHOCOLATE
THE HEALTHIEST AND THE BEST.
Paris Exposition, 1889 } 3 GRAND PRIZES. 5 GOLD MEDALS
ONCE USED, NEVER WITHOUT IT.
ASK FOR YELLOW WRAPPER.
For Sale Everywhere.
BRANCH HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

DAVID CRAWFORD, MONTREAL, AGENT

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Stomach Troubles

Troubles are caused by improper diet, hasty eating and drinking, late suppers, the excessive use of stimulants, and a scrofulous condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most efficacious remedy for all such disorders. **I am convinced that the worst cases of Dyspepsia

Can be cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered greatly from this complaint for years, and never took any medicine that did me any good until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took four bottles of this preparation last spring, and my appetite, health, and strength were completely restored.—Richard M. Norton, Danbury, Conn.

My wife was long subject to severe Headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. After trying various remedies without relief, she used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was speedily cured.—S. Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass.

As a remedy for Debility, Faintness, Loss of Appetite, and Indigestion, I took one bottle of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured.—H. Mansfield, Chelmsford, Mass.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Troubles

Never come alone. If the Liver, Kidneys, or Bowels are disordered, other parts of the body become affected. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restores the vigor required for the healthy action of these organs more speedily than any other medicine. **A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Cured me of Kidney Disease, when all other medicines failed. It is the most reliable and best remedy for this complaint known to me.—Eli Dodd, Xenia, Ill.

I was afflicted with a severe bowel difficulty; my vitality seemed to be rapidly diminishing, my appetite failed, my tongue was badly coated, and my strength was gone. In this enfeebled condition I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I had not taken many doses before I noticed a decided change for the better. My appetite and strength returned, and my whole system manifested renewed vigor.—E. B. Simonds, Glover, Vt.

I have used Ayer's Medicines in my family, with satisfaction, for years, and always have a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the house: it is so good for the blood.—Mrs. E. Thruvegen, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

An Old-Time Failing.

Student—Was drunkenness a prevailing sin at the time of Noah?

Professor—It is hard to say positively, but it is certain that there was a great deal of soaking done about that time.—*Chaffy.*

Most Likely.

A writer stated in a recent obituary notice that "the deceased was born in his native town, where he has ever since resided."

JOSEPH RUSE
MANAGER
TORONTO MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CO.
Full and complete lines of
Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, Music Books (secular and Sacred)
Repairs, &c. Tuning of Pianos and Organs a Specialty
Special Agents for
Mendelssohn Pianos, "Bruno" Guitars and "Victor" Banjos
346 Queen Street West

TO BE HAD AT
Dan Taylor & Co.'s
ALSO
Invigorating Lavender Smelling Salts (English)
PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS
Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes
All the best manufacturers represented
Arcade Pharmacy
133 Yonge Street
Telephone 1106

St. Charles Restaurant
LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS
70 YONGE STREET
Next door to Dominion Bank
Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor. Finest Bar in Canada. Choice Stock of Liquors and Cigars
HEASLIP & PIERCE
Proprietors

PATENTS
Caveats and *Re-issues* secured, *Trade-Marks* registered, and all other patent business in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully prosecuted.
Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability free of charge.
With my offices *directly across from the Patent Office*, and being in personal attendance there, it is apparent that I have superior facilities for making prompt preliminary searches, for the more vigorous and successful prosecution of applications for patent, and for attending to all business entrusted to my care, in the shortest possible time.
I also PROSECUTE, and render valuable opinions given in *patent business*. Information, advice and special references sent on request.
R. J. LITTELL,
Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Causes,
Washington, D. C.
(*Mention this Paper.*) Opposite the U. S. Patent Office.

PROF. DAVIDSON
CHIROPODIST & MANICURE
Finger Nails Beautified, Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails Cured without Pain.
Has Removed to Room 1
20 KING STREET WEST

NEW MUSIC

"Varsity Ripple. E. Emil Farringer. Time well marked and easy.

Merry Strains Caprice. E. Emil Farringer.

Review March. E. Emil Farringer.

For sale by all Music Dealers

MR. E. W. SCHUCH

Choirmaster Chu ch of the Redeemer, Conductor University Glee Club, has resumed instruction in

Voice Culture and Expression in Singing

At his residence,

3 Avenue Street (College Avenue).

H. M. FIELD

FROM LEIPZIG AND FRANKFORT

Piano Virtuoso

165 Gloucester Street & Toronto College of Music

Will accept engagements for Concerts, and will also take pupils in Piano Theory and Instrumentation.

HARMONY BY CORRESPONDENCE

To accommodate those living at a distance

Mr. THOS. SINGLETON, Port Hope, Ont.,

Will give lessons in harmony as above and prepare candidates for examinations in Music at Trinity College and the Toronto Conservatory of Music. All Mr. Singleton's pupils who have taken the Trinity examinations have been successful. Reference—Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac. and A.C.O. (Eng.), Toronto.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Organ, Piano and Harmony

94 Gloucester Street

WALTER DONVILLE

Teacher of Violin

Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.

8 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipzig Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of

Piano, Organ and Musical Theory

at the Toronto College of Music

Residence 349 Jarvis Street

SIGNOR ED. RUBINI

Pianoforte pupil of Moscheles and Thalberg, late principal professor of singing at the London Academy, Lo d n, Eng., is now a resident of Toronto, and gives lessons in singing to ladies and gentlemen, amateur and professional students, and specially prepares pupils for all branches of the musical profession—operatic, concerts and oratorios. Voice production is one of Signor Rubini's specialities. Terms moderate. Circulars on application at residence, 152 Wilton Avenue, or to Messrs. Nordheimer's or Messrs. Suckling & Sons.

MISS ALICE WALTZ

Late Solo Soprano, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and St. John's R. C. Church, Philadelphia.

CONCERT, ORATORIO AND RECITAL

Pupils received in Voice Culture.

417 Church Street

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

150 Carlton St., opp. Horticultural Gardens

Established 1884

Under the direction of

CHAS. FARRINGER

A German educated in Germany.

Our primary Department is second to none, and is not only nominally, but actually, under supervision of the Principal.

VOICE CULTURE AND PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION.

MISS MARIE C. STRONG, Primo-Contralto, has much pleasure in announcing that she is now prepared to give lessons in Voice Culture and Pianoforte Playing. Open for engagements at sacred and secular concerts. Circulars, terms, etc., at the piano warerooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, and Suckling & Sons', or 30 Bond Street.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Thorough Instruction in All Branches

F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.

BRITISH AMERICAN ARCADE, YONGE ST TORONTO.

Business College

The oldest and most reliable of its kind in the Dominion. All subjects pertaining to a business education thoroughly taught by able and experienced teachers.

C. O'DEA, Secretary.

LADIES find pleasant and profitable employment as Shorthanders and Typewriters in commercial and legal offices. Over 700 graduates passed and placed. Constant calls for skilled lady operators. Pointer Canadian shorthand school. Lady and gentlemen teachers. Best instruction. Remington and Caligraph machines. Circulars free. Call or write.

Canadian Business University and Shorthand Institute

PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING - - TORONTO

THOS. BENGOUGH, (Official Court Reporter), Manager. Telephone 1555

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS (Canada)

PATRON—HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOV.-GENERAL. President. Vice-President.

MR. F. H. TORRINGTON, Toronto. MR. W. E. FARNCOMB, F.C.O., Montreal.

The Annual Examinations for 1890 for degrees in Associateship and Fellowship in the College of Organists (Canada) will be held in Toronto during the month of June next. The examinations will be conducted by the Board of Examiners of the College, presided over by Mr. S. P. Warren of New York. Information concerning curriculum, &c., can be had upon application to the Sec.-Treas., MR. A. S. VOGT, 349 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Intending candidates for examination should give notification to the Secretary before the 1st of May.

HIGH CLASS PORTRAITS

IN

Oils. Water Color and Crayon

WEST END ART STUDIO

375½ Spadina Avenue, Toronto

Mrs. A. S. Davies, Miss M. E. Bryans, Artistes

Opal and Ivorine Portraits a Specialty

Instructions given in portraits and decorative art on china, satin and glass. For specimens, terms, etc., call at above address.

Persons requiring coppers for change can be accommodated at "Saturday Night" Office 9 Adelaide St. West

L. R. O'BRIEN, R.C.A.

Studio, 20 College Street

Open to the public on Saturday afternoons from 3 to 5. Mr. O'Brien's work this year includes sketches and paintings from the south and west coasts of England.

J. W. L. FORSTER

Portraits a Specialty ARTIST

STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

J. FRASER BRYCE

PHOTOGRAPHER

107 King St. West - TORONTO

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY

Examinations, Oral or Written.

MRS. MENDON, 238 McCaul Street.

DANCING—PROF. S. M. EARLY

Teacher of Society Dancing

Highland Fling, Sword Dance, Shaun Truse, Sailors' Hornpipe, Jig and Clog Dances. Private or class lessons day and evening.

Academy 104 Peter Street

JOHN P. MILL

445 Yonge Street

HIGH GRADE WATCHES A SPECIALTY

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT

6 and 8 Jordan Street

This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

THE LEADER SAMPLE ROOM

THE CHOICEST LINES OF

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

First-Class Restaurant in Connection

E. SULLIVAN, Proprietor

M. McCONNELL

Late of "Headquarters"

Wholesale Dealer in Wines, Liquors and Cigars

COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO.

FOR OYSTERS SERVED IN TRUE VIRGINIA STYLE

CALL AT

JAKE'S VIRGINIA RESTAURANT

DOORS NEVER CLOSED

Grand Opera House Building. Tel. 2060

SUNBEAMS

ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer

116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West

Photographs of all sizes

Sunbeams $1 per doz.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY

Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.

CHAS. P. LENNOX

Yonge Street Arcade - - Room B

Telephone 1846

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

C. V. SNELGROVE

Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto

New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns a specialty.

Telephone 3621

PATTERSON & FENTON

Dentists

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE 169 COLLEGE ST. DOWN TOWN OFFICE 141 YONGE ST.

Dental Electric Vibrator for Painless Extraction.

DR. McLAUGHLIN

DENTIST

Corner College and Yonge Streets

Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

The Old and Popular Rail Route to

MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO

And all Principal Points in

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.

For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket offices.

F. J. SLATTERY, City Passenger Agent,

Corner King and Yonge streets and 20 York street, Toronto.

Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

CUNARD LINE

NOTED FOR SAFETY

Established more than fifty years ago.

Never Lost the Life of a Passenger

A. F. WEBSTER

Passenger Agent - - 58 Yonge Street

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

TOURISTS' ONE WAY

EXCURSIONS

FOR 1890 TO

BRITISH COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON TERRITORY

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA

On FRIDAY, MARCH 28th

APRIL 11th and 25th

MAY 9th and 23rd

COLONIST TRAINS

Will leave TORONTO on

MARCH 25th, 1890

And every TUESDAY thereafter during MARCH and APRIL to give COLONISTS an opportunity to travel with and look after their Stock, leaving Toronto, 9.00 p.m.

For patrons without Stock a COLONIST SLEEPER will be attached to EXPRESS TRAIN, leaving Toronto 11.00 p.m.

For full information call on any Agent of the Company.

:-: NEW MUSIC :-:

All the Go Lancers By Chas. Bohner.....50

Kathie (military) Schottische By Arthur M. Cohen.....35

Sounds of Toronto Waltzes By Chas. Bohner.....60

Song—Memory By H. Tourjee.....50

Haute Volee Rye By Bohner.....40

On Time Jersey By Bohner.....40

Avant Garde March By Gowan.....35

Everything in the Musical line, up to the times, and at right price.

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.

MUSIC DEALERS

158 Yonge Srteet, Toronto

J. W. Cheeseworth

TAILOR AND DRAPER,

106 King St. West

A Complete Assortment of

Fall and Winter Goods

Suitable for Gentlemen's present wear

N.B.—The public should call and see our Cheviots and Scotch Tweeds, suitable for Double-breasted Sack Suits.

55 CENTS

The small purchase amounting to 55c.—fifty-five cents, for which a numbered receipt or voucher is given, may win the prize of the watch worth one thousand dollars—$1000. Americans as well as Canadians will please note the fact. This said watch is the finest in America as a mechanical work of art. Send for circulars.

RUSSELL'S

9 King Street West, Toronto

A Little Higher.

LOST

All tenderness and soreness of the feet since we have been buying our

BOOTS AND SHOES

From that old reliable house of

H. & C. BLACHFORD

AMERICAN GOODS A SPECIALTY

87 and 89 King St. East, Toronto

A SATURDAY NIGHT

Surprise in Shoes!

Think of a fine Gent's Laced Boot, with pointed toe—a first-class article, fashionable in shape, for only $2. They represent as good value as a $5 ordered shoe. They are to be had at

WM. PICKLES

328 YONGE STREET

EAST WING NOW OPEN

Special terms to permanent boarders. Superb rooms, single and *en suite*. INSPECTION SOLICITED.

ARLINGTON HOTEL

Cor. King and John Streets, Toronto

The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd.

OFFICE: 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

$500,000 to loan on Mortgages—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.

HON. FRANK SMITH, President JAMES MASON, Manager.

MISS PLUMMER

MODISTE

57 GLOUCESTER STREET

THE MAGIC SCALE

Best Tailor System of Cutting. Perfect-Fitting Sleeve a Specialty

Hall's Bazaar and Dress Forms for Draping Dresses.

CORSETS

made to order—perfect fit guaranteed. Waist linings cut for 25c. 426 1-2 Yonge Street.

WANZER LAMPS

Are the popular lamps of the day

No chimney to break

No danger to fear

No oil to waste

With one lamp you obtain a fine 50-candle power light. Heat a quart of water in a few minutes

Get a breakfast or cook a dinner

Call at 98 King Street West and examine them

MISS PAYNTER

Has just received

A Full Assortment

OF

SPRING MILLINERY

AT

No. 3 Rossin Block

King Street West

TORONTO

DRESS CUTTING

The New Tailor System (Late Prof. Moody's) stands First and Best, is taught thoroughly here or through the mail. Satisfactio n assured. Large inducements to agents.

DRESSMAKING

Perfection in Fit, Fashion and Finish. Special attention to evening wear and mantle making.

MILLINERY

Closing out well assorted stock Stylish work at greatly reduced prices.

J. & A. CARTER

372 Yonge St., Toronto

AND

SPECTACLES

Accurately fitted. First quality lenses. Opera and Field Glasses, Thermometers, &c.

J. FOSTER, 12 King Street West

McCAUSLAND & SON'S

WALL PAPER

IMPORTATIONS

ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADES AND PRICES

76 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO

DON'T TAKE UP YOUR CARPETS

WE HAVE REMOVED TO

509 1-2 Yonge Street

to more commodious premises, where we are prepared to fill all orders for cleaning carpets without taking them up. We also take up and relay carpets where it is necessary.

Toronto Carpet and Plush Ren. Co.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

Gold Medalist Dyers and Cleaners

We make a specialty of the finer grades of work, such as Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Damask, Rep or Brocatelle Curtains, Table Covers, &c. Ladies' and Gent's wearing apparel cleaned by our new chemical process, which prevents shrinking.

90 King Street East

BRANCHES—515 Queen Street West, 258 and 750 Queen Street East, 407 Parliament Street, and 582 Yonge Street.

TELEPHONE 1990.

Parcels sent for and delivered to all parts of the city.

A Spicy Play.

Travis—Did you go to the play last night, De Smith?

De Smith—Yes!

Travis—Spicy, was it?

De Smith—Well, I should say so. Sixty-five of us went out three times for cloves.

American Clock and Jewelry Co.

DEALERS IN

AMERICAN WATCHES
AMERICAN JEWELRY
AMERICAN CLOCKS
AND SILVERWARE

Special facilities for Diamond mounting and Jewelry manufacturing.

We desire particular notice of the fact that Watches left for repairs receive special care, and will be guaranteed.

169 1-2 Yonge Street - Toronto

Next door to Imperial Bank.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY CONCERT

Pavilion Music Hall

THURSDAY, APRIL 24

SOLOISTS

Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. J. F. Maurice Macfarlane

Plan of reserved seats open to the public on Monday, April 21, at Messrs. Nordheimers' music store. Reserved seats $1 and 50c. Upper gallery 25c.

H. BOULLIER, Hon. Sec-Treas.

ISLAND

HANLAN'S POINT

MONREITH HOUSE

Entirely refitted and refurnished, will be open

May 1

Under NEW MANAGEMENT, for the reception of guests.

For terms, &c., address—

"PROPRIETOR."

Steamship, Rail and Boat Agency

NIAGARA RIVER LINE

Chicora and Cibolia

Lovely summer route to

Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and all American Points

Special attention given to Church and Society excursions.

Ocean steamship tickets sold to England and the Continent. For full particulars and tickets apply to

ROBINSON & HEATH

Custom House Brokers, 89½ Yonge St.

SPRING

Overcoats in great variety as to prices and fabrics both. Starting at $5 we show you a complete line of lovely Spring Overcoats. Our popular prices are $10, $15 and $17.50. For quality, finish and general get up they are unexcelled. Call in the first time you are passing and we will show them to you.

Our big sale of little suits still continues. In Children's and Youths' suits our line is complete, and we are now showing an immense assortment of all kinds and prices, to suit both the modest and extravagant purse.

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

Corner Shuter Street

CARD

To My Patrons and the Public generally:

HAVING received exclusive styles of the very latest designs for Spring and Summer wear we would be pleased to show you the entire line at the very lowest prices consistent with the highest standard.

Sample garments on hand for inspection, showing styles and workmanship, at the Fashionable West End Tailoring Establishment.

HENRY A. TAYLOR

No. 1 Rossin House Block

MASTER BLATCHFORD

KAVANAGH

The Wonderful Boy Singer, from Grace Episcopal Church, Chicago

Whose exquisitely rich voice is deemed phenomenal, has been induced by the Musical Committee of the

METROPOLITAN CHURCH

to visit Toronto and give

Two Sacred Concerts

in that Church on the evenings of

Wednesday AND Thursday

NEXT

April 23 and 24

To secure him they have assumed a heavy responsibility of nearly $2,000.

Master Kavanagh will sing, among other numbers, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," "O, Had I the Wings of a Dove" (Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer"), and the solo passages in the "Inflammatus" (Rossini's "Stabat Mater").

F. H. TORRINGTON,
Musical Director.

Tickets 50c., 75c. and $1.

Plan open at Suckling's on Monday at 9 a.m.

WHEELER & WILSON

Sewing Machines

RECEIVED THE ONLY

Grand Prize at Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1889

Then why buy a cheaply constructed shuttle machine when you can get the Rotary, Light-Running, High-Arm, Noiseless Wheeler & Wilson for the same price.

See the No. 9 for all grades of family work, it has no equal for simplicity, durability, and its excellence of design.

Examine ou No. 12 and other manufacturing machines for all kinds of stitched goods by foot or power. They are the best in the world.

WHEELER & WILSON MAN'F'G CO.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE FOR ONTARIO

Telephone 277. 266 YONGE ST., TORONTO

M'KEOWN & COMPANY

Grand Clearing Spring Sale

DRESS GOODS SPECIALS

100 pieces Nun's Veilings in Pinks, Blues, &c., all wool, 24 inches wide; actual value 25c., our sale price 18c.

80 pieces Small Stripe and Check Dress Goods, 24 inches wide, in Browns, Navys, Greens, &c.; regular price is 35c., sale price 20c.

Extra Fine French Wool De Beiges and Serges, in Grays, Fawns, Navy, Seal and Green for 25c. a yard.

A big lot French Wool Delaines for 37 1-2c., worth 50c.

THE ALLIANCE BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY

OF ONTARIO, Limited

CAPITAL, $1,000,000 : INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890

GENERAL OFFICES:

27 and 29 Wellington Street East, Toronto

The Company will undertake agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities, give careful attention to management of estates, the collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons and other securities; act as agents for issuing or countersigning certificates of stock, bonds, or other obligations. Will receive and invest sinking funds and invest moneys generally, and GUARANTEE SUCH INVESTMENTS.

MONEY TO LOAN AT FAVORABLE RATES

The Company will sell

Non-Forfeitable Bonds

In amounts from $100 upwards, and for any term of years from five upwards, to investors who can pay for the same in small instalments.

WM. STONE, *President.* G. F. POTTER, *Managing Director.*

First-class General and Local Agents wanted throughout the Province. Apply to

WILLIAM SPARLING, *Superintendent*

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto. Telephone No. 2033

Orders for Books come to us from all over the Dominion. Cheap postage on books helps the reader and helps the dealer, 1c. for 4 oz. Send for our price list. An edition of fairly-well bound Books for 19c., publishers' price $1, includes most of the world-noted authors. A large variety of beautiful Book from 5c. up to 90c., worth from 10c. to $2.50 each. Handsome White Envelopes, business sizes, 2c. a package. The bargains on tables through center of our store are the wonder of those who take advantage of them. Dippers 4c., worth 10c.; Dustpans 5c. and 6c., worth 15c. and 25c.; Iron Granite Wash Basins, 24c., worth 50c. every where else; Galvanized Iron 8c., worth 15c., are a few of the bargains. All soaps at closest wholesale prices. The finest quality made in the world of White Castile 7c. a bar of full half lb. Come and see us and get price list. Store open Monday and Saturday evenings, closes at six o'clock other evenings.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

CARPETS

CARPETS

NEW STOCK IMPORTED DIRECT

NEWEST DESIGNS, LATEST PATTERNS, ALL GRADES

Brussels, Velvet, Tapestry, All-Wool Union and Hemp Carpets

And We Offer Special Values in All Lines.

At every price the value will compare favorably with any cash store in the city, and will be found to be from 25 p.c. to 50 p.c. cheaper than any credit house. One price only, and that the lowest. Furniture, Baby Carriages, Lamps and Silverware at prices that defy competition. Liberal terms of credit without interest or extra charge.

The C. F. Adams' Home-Furnishing House, 177 Yonge Street

FOUR DOORS NORTH OF QUEEN.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

John Kay, Son & Co.

HAVE NOW ON HAND AN

IMMENSE STOCK

OF

CARPETS IN ALL GRADES

From $8 50 a Yard to the 25 Cent Tapestry

THE SELECTION THIS SEASON OF THE

Rich Axminsters
Patent Axminsters
Wiltons and Brussels

Excels anything heretofore exhibited in the Dominion for grandeur of design and elegance of coloring. Quoting prices would give no adequate idea of the value without inspecting the quality of the goods.

J. K., S. & Co. guarantee that no better value can be found anywhere than they can give in all the departments of their establishment.

They are the largest buyers of Carpet Goods in the Dominion, and consequently can purchase to better advantage. When occasion occurs they procure large clearing lots at LOW PRICES, of which the purchaser gets the benefit. They are now showing a large selection (bought at a bargain) of the best 10-WIRE TAPESTRY CARPETS at 65c. cash, usual price 85c., and a large lot of BEST BRUSSELS at $1 cash.

ALL-WOOL CARPETS—A large assortment of the best English made goods, new styles and colorings.

CHURCH CARPETS in all Grades—A large stock always on hand, value not surpassed.

MASONIC BRUSSELS CARPET—In extra heavy quality.

Rugs of all descriptions and sizes for Rooms, Halls, Sofas, Doors, &c. Linoleums, Oilcloths, Cork Carpet, Cocoa Matting, Mats, &c.

CHINA MATTING AND MATS—(Now a standard article for summer wear) direct by C. P. R. from the Celestial Empire. Over Two Hundred Pieces for stock this season.

Depot of the famed AURORA SWEEPER. Thousands of them in use in Toronto.

INSPECTION INVITED

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

34 King Street West, Toronto

SEWING MACHINES

LADIES:

Do you prefer a Machine with an Oscillating Shuttle?

Or one with a Vibrating Shuttle?

Or an Automatic with a Single Thread?

We make them all.

The Singer Manufacturing Company, New York

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

Central Office for Canada: - No. 66 King Street "West," Toronto

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence 118 Palmerston Avenue.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BURTON—At 121 Major street, Toronto, on April 11, Mrs. Will S. Burton—a son.
AUSTIN—At Toronto, on April 11, Mrs. George R. Austin—a son.
BRAY—At Toronto, on March 30, Mrs. James Bray—a daughter.
CLARKE—At Toronto, on April 11, Mrs. W. R. Clarke—a son.
GARTSHORE—At North Toronto, on April 12, Mrs. John J. Gartshore—a son.
ALLAN—At Toronto, on April 10, Mrs. Frank B. Allan—a son.
GILLESPIE—At Toronto, on April 7, Mrs. John Gillespie a son.
HANCOCK—At Toronto, on April 7, Mrs. H. Hancock—a son.
PEARSON—At Toronto, on April 4, Mrs. Arthur Pearson—a son.
WILSON—At Toronto, on April 6, Mrs. H. A. Wilson—a daughter.
MILNE—At Toronto, on April 10, Mrs. T. A. Milne—a daughter.
PATTISON—At Toronto, on April 14, Mrs. J. T. Pattison, jr.—a daughter.
WATSON—At Toronto, on April 14, Mrs. R. Watson—a daughter.
McCARTHY—At Barrie, on April 6, Mrs. Jeffry McCarthy—a son.
GILVERSON—At Toronto, on April 13, Mrs. A. E. Gilverson—a daughter.
McINTOSH—At Toronto, on April 11, Mrs. J. I. McIntosh—a son.
BRAZILL—At Toronto, on March 25, Mrs F. P. Brazill—a son.

Marriages.

MACDONALD—MILLIGAN—At Toronto, on April 15, James Fraser Macdonald to Mary Eveline Milligan.
DICKSON—HARDY—At Galt, on April 10, John M. Dickson to Joanna Hardy.
PARSONS—McCAUSLAND—At Toronto, on April 15, Charles Stuart Parsons to Miriam Eva McCausland.
BLAKENEY—FAIRWEATHER—At Ottawa, on April 9, Henry Blakeney to Rebecca Kathleen Fairweather.
JONES—CURZON—At Toronto, on April 10, Arthur E. Jones to Florence Elizabeth Curzon.
HAGGARD—LOW—At Agra, India, on March 1, Claude Mason Haggard to Maude Low of Simcoe.
CHARTERIS—McFARLANE—At Thamesville, on April 9, Francis Wemyss Charteris to Janet Ferguson McFarlane.
JONES—ROACH—At Hamilton, on April 9, Charles Arthur Jones to Clara Emily Roach.
McCULLOCH—SYMMES—At Niagara Falls South, on April 9, Hugh McCulloch to Agnes H. Symmes.
ELLIOT—KIRKHAM—At Highland Creek, on April 10, Archie T. Elliot to Harriet E. Kirkham.

Deaths.

McCAFFRY—At Toronto, on April 10, Mary McCaffry, aged 16 years.
MUSSEN—At Toronto, on April 14, Mrs. H. Mussen, aged 54 years.
SPENCE—At Toronto, Thomas Spence, aged 59 years.
SQUIRE—On April 7, only son of Nathaniel J. and Helen Squire, aged 4 years.
BURKE—At Deer Park, on April 9, Mrs. Margaret Burke, aged 68 years.
MACINTYRE—At Toronto, on April 12, Mrs. Alexander Macintyre
BAIN—At Toronto, on April 12, Douglas Bain, aged 7 years.
DOBSON—At Bowmanville, on April 13, Mrs. Jemima Dobson.
WILLOUGHBY—At Brantford, on April 13, Rev. William Willoughby, aged 79 years.
McGILL—At Little York, on April 14, Mrs. William McGill, aged 67 years.
YOUNG—At Toronto, on April 14, W. J. Young, aged 38 years.
McCRAKEN—At Toronto, on April 15, Mrs. Thomas McCraken, aged 52 years.
HODGETTS—At Toronto, on April 15, Infant son of Thos. Hodgetts, aged 11 months.
MARLING—At Toronto, on April 11, Alexander Marling, LL.B., aged 56 years.
O'REGAN—At Toronto, on April 11, Clarkson Barrett O'Regan, aged 9 years
WICKSON—At Toronto, Mrs. Eliza Chilver Wickson, aged 72 years.
BENSON—At Toronto, on April 16, Mrs. Annie Nancy Benson, aged 81 years.
HUTCHISON—At Toronto, on April 12, Wm. Hutchison, aged 45 years.
HOFLAND—At Toronto, Mrs. J. Hofland.
HAM—At Whitby, on April 14, Mrs. Eliza A. E. Ham, aged 75 years.
LEFROY—At Cornwall, England, on April 11, General Sir John Henry Lefroy, K.C.M.G., C.B., aged 72 years.
McNEIL—At Ashland, Wis., on April 3, John R. McNeil.
TENNANT—At Paris, on April 14, Mrs. Marian Tennant.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
74 Gerrard Street East - - - Toronto

THE "PRIZE GOOSE" POEM CONTEST

Has been decided and we have awarded

"TONY" the "PANTS"

for the following:

A "GOOSE" POEM.

I'm "coat"-ed round with iron, but with charcoal at my heart,
No matter how in-"vest"-ed I'm bound to feel a smart,
Though nearly stifled by the heat, my "pants" I oft repress,
(Re-pressing "seems" to "suit" me, I candidly confess),
But I will never grumble, though handled fast and loose,
If it is by an "Art Tailor," for I'm a "Tailor's Goose."
TONY.

TAYLOR & CO.
Art Tailors - - 89 Yonge St.

BADLY SOLED

Not our customers, but that man's shoes. However, it is not repairing shoes, which we can do in first-class style, that we want to tell you about. It is our choice selection of Ladies' and Gentlemen's fine foot wear for spring and summer use. Also the many nice styles we have for Girls and Boys, and our large assortment of colored shoes for everyone. Call on us at 266 Yonge Street.

WM. WEST & CO.

Miss Stevens
254 Yonge St.
Opp. Trinity Square
TORONTO

Grand Opening
OF
New Goods

Stylish Millinery, Veilings in great variety, Ribbons in all the new shades, Feathers, Flowers and Fancy Goods.

Early inspection invited.

Mourning a specialty

BEST BOOK on Ladies' Fancy Work. 85 Illustrations, by mail, for 5c. silver.
A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

THE NARRAGANSET

HOME EXERCISER

(shown in above illustration), is the most perfect apparatus ever devised for indoor exercise. It is perfectly noiseless, no oil or lubrication of any kind is required, it occupies only a few inches of floor room, and can be instantly adjusted to suit the strength of any one. It can be set up anywhere ready for use in a few minutes, with the aid only of a screw-driver. It is just the thing for the business man, the student, the professional or the athlete, and is specially valuable for the use of ladies and children. Call and see it or send for price list and descriptive catalogue to F. C. ALLAN, 35 King St. West, Agent for Ontario.

PATTERN DRESSES

NEW SPRING GOODS

Beautiful **COMBINATIONS** of **PLAIDS** and **PLAIN** to match, Elegant Robes, New Embroidery on all colors, with new **ZOUAVE** effect on waist. Special, only **$13.**

HANDKERCHIEF BORDERED COSTUMES in all colors. Price only **$10.**

NEW PLAIDS, 44-inch wide, in ten new colorings, 65c. per yard. Plain material to match, 42-inch wide, at 40c.

BLACK and **COLORED PURE MOHAIR LUSTRE,** in Plain and Brocade, Choice Goods, 44-inch wide. New Colors, only 50c. per yard. Extra Fine in BLACK at $1.25.

THE GOLDEN LION **R. WALKER & SONS** KING ST. EAST 18, 20, 22, COLBORNE ST.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

CARPETS
AND
LACE CURTAINS

Housekeepers, do not fail to avail yourselves of the many extraordinary bargains offered in our Carpet and House Furnishing Department. Prices for raw materials are advancing. Purchase now, it will pay you.

R. Simpson's Tapestrys are the best for wear. Prices 25c., 30c., 35c., 45c., 50c. and 60c. per yard.

R. Simpson's mellow-colored, wear-resisting Brussel's Carpets are offered at 80c., 85c., 90c., 95c. and $1 per yard. Borders for hall and stairs to match.

R. Simpson's immensely popular Wilton Carpets, in new tints and rich Eastern designs, at $1.40, $1.50, $1.75 and $2. Borders for hall and stairs to match.

Brass Trimmings, Poles, Window Shades, Mats, Squares, Mattings, Iron Bedsteads, Mattrasses, Pillows, Carpet Sweepers, &c., at low prices.

Over 5,000 pairs of Nottingham, Brussels and Swiss Lace Curtains in stock, this season's goods. Prices range from 45c. to $2 per pair.

Several tons of Linoleums and Floor Oilcloths, conspicuous for their varied and original styles and low prices, at

R. SIMPSON, S. W. cor. Yonge & Queen

SEND TO

HARRY WEBB'S

FOR ESTIMATES FOR

Dinners
At Homes
Weddings
Banquets
Ball Suppers
Receptions, etc.

EVERY MINUTE

66-68 and 447 Yonge St., Toronto

RECLINING CHAIRS

Yes, and made right here on the premises.

Specially adapted to the wants of every home.

Afford rest for the weary, ease and comfort to all.

WELLINGTON SCOTT
175 King Street West - - Toronto

THE GOLDEN CROWN
240 and 242 Yonge St.

OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

MILLINERY, MANTLES AND DRESS GOODS

Is attracting the ladies' attention, but it is our extremely low prices that is increasing our sales daily.

THIS WEEK

We offer one case Black Silks, bought in bond, consisting of Satin Luxors, Surahs, Royals and Gros Grains, which are fully 25 per cent. less than regular prices.

Ladies' made-up costumes and wrappers always in stock.

Dressmaking a specialty.

MACLEAN & MITCHELL
240 and 242 Yonge Street

DOMINION PIANOS

• STRICTLY • FIRST • CLASS •

Perfect in the essentials of TONE TOUCH HARMONY and

• PLIABILITY of ACTION •

An HONEST PIANO at an HONEST PRICE

Call or write direct

DOMINION PIANO & ORGAN CO

Warerooms 68 King Street West

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

WE HAVE GOT THE **GRIP**
On the Furniture Trade, and

WE PROPOSE TO KEEP IT

Our specialties in Antique Bedroom Suites at $14.50 and Silk Brocatine Parlor Suits at $55 are a terror to our competitors.

R. POTTER & CO.
Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.
Telephone 1384

Gentlemen of Toronto
AND VICINITY

Here you can inspect the latest designs for Spring and Summer wear.

Here you can judge of the largeness of our stock for Suitings.

There is much here to delight the eye.

JOHN J. TONKIN
155 Yonge St., cor. Richmond

Points About Pianos.

The reputation of the makers ought to be a great factor with you in making a selection, because this affords a guarantee that every part of the instrument, even to the smallest detail, has received the most careful and conscientious attention.

The reputation of the Mason & Risch Pianofortes rests upon the acknowledged musical merit and thoroughly reliable workmanship of every instrument made by them since 1877.

The points of superiority which characterize these pianos are the rich, beautiful quality of tone, the delicate, quick responding touch, great durability and power of standing in tune, and the general high artistic elegance of finish and design.

These points are found to perfection in "CANADA'S HIGH CLASS PIANOFORTES," made by

MASON & RISCH.

32 KING STREET WEST,
653 QUEEN STREET WEST. - - - - TORONTO.